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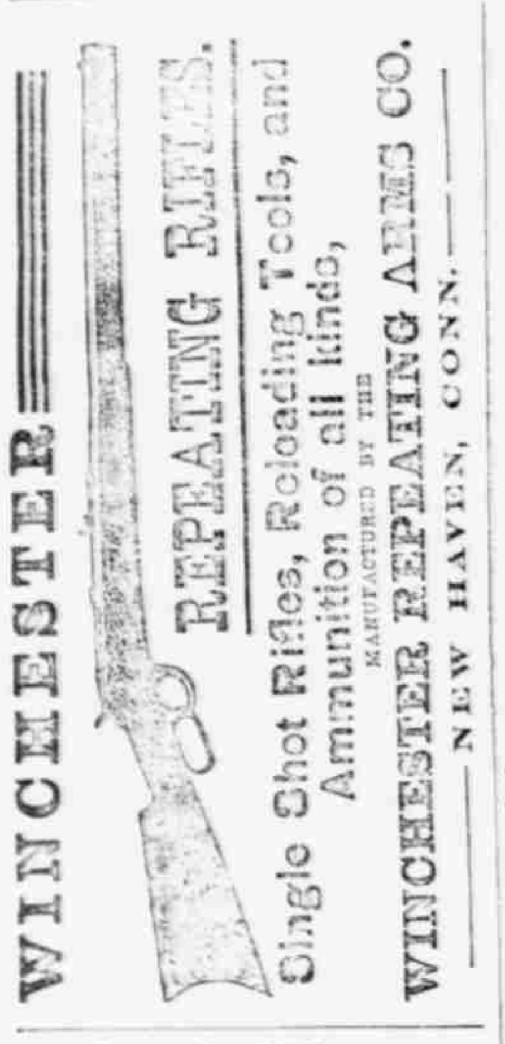

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A HUSBAND'S CROWN

"Not at all unlikely. And the document which would have consigned you to that retreat is still in my possession."

"You promised to hand it over to me."

"I did, and I shall keep that promise by-and-bye, Mr. Checketts—by-and-bye. In the meanwhile I shall continue to hold it as a sort of guarantee of your faithfulness to me—a curious guarantee, I admit, but a powerful one, I think. Not that I doubt you in the least. Your interests are bound up with mine. If I rise so do you, and that in proportion to my ascent. Now listen. Of course, we are both aware of the recent split between Lawrence and his father on the subject of marriage. The young man is determined and, I am convinced, will have his own way. The old man is likewise determined, but will be quite helpless to avoid defeat if Lawrence, as he will do, sets all his most tremendous threats at defiance. In the ordinary course this thing will end as such affairs always do. When Davenport finds that what is done cannot be undone, he will gradually relent, and take his son and his son's chosen wife back into favor."

"It is a safe prophecy."

"But if we could so work the oracle that this event did not occur—that Lawrence should so fatally offend and disgrace himself in the eyes of his father, as to be irredeemably alienated from him, the old man would infallibly stick to his word, and cut him off with a dollar. In that case Edith—my wife that is to be—would inherit the bulk of Davenport's vast fortune. I have been succinct, Checketts, because I want you to understand thoroughly that that is precisely what I wish to bring about."

Mr. Checketts' little eyes twinkled.

"It is a splendid idea," he said; "but I don't see how it can be carried into effect."

"I have a plan," Mr. Van Blarcom, lowering his voice to a whisper—"a grand, bold plan, which with your aid is bound to succeed. The price I offer you for that assistance shall be a liberal one. On my accession, or, what comes to the same thing, on the accession of my wife to the greater part of Davenport's money, I will hand you a cheque for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Honor bright?" exclaimed Checketts, with a blaze of cupidity.

"I swear it. But I will do more, and give you a paper so worded that you may claim that sum from me in the event of our success."

"Go on, then, Mr. Van Blarcom. State your plan. I will enter into it soul and body. Here's my hand on it."

"It is very deep and very clever, I flatter myself, Checketts; but it is very daring into the bargain. We will not discuss it here. Let us retire to your own sitting room, where we can talk without fear of being disturbed, and sketch the whole thing out from beginning to end."

CHAPTER IV.

True love is like the moon—it borrows its light from Heaven to shed it over one world alone.

Lawrence Davenport was putting the finishing touches to a careful toilet. A few weeks ago he would have been assisted therein by a skilled valet, who might doubtless have arranged that necktie with more consummate art, or flicked the stray particles of dust from that brand-new coat with greater dexterity. But latterly Lawrence had dispensed with such luxurious aid as not warranted in a man of limited means. On this particular morning he felt satisfied that he had succeeded in attiring himself with an ability worthy of a supreme occasion.

And few events in life are so important as the marriage-day. It is the first step in a new path deliberately selected. Whatever motives may have influenced our decision—whether guided by a pure, unfailing affection, or impelled by wild but ephemeral passion, or drawn by the cold chains of mere worldly consideration—for this once the reins of our destiny seemed placed in our hands to grasp or relinquish, as best pleases us.

Lawrence had many solemn reflections mingled with his more joyous ones, as he waited for the carriage which was to convey him to the church. But never a doubt cast a shadow over them. He felt that he had chosen the high road to happiness; that whatever misfortunes the future might hold in store, he had secured one bright treasure—one source of perennial gladness—of which he could never be deprived by the world's changes.

He deeply regretted his parent's anger. For Kate's sake, more than his own, he was affected by the threatened loss of wealth and position. He would also have preferred a brilliant wedding, surrounded by friends and well-wishers, and crowned by a warm welcome to his fair bride.

He was pained when he pictured his father—whom he had duly informed of the date and place of his marriage—sitting lonely and unforgiving in chilly grandeur, and, perhaps, cursing him in bitterness of spirit. But as he thought of these things he looked forward hopefully to a time when their hands should again meet in the grasp of friendship, and the breach should be healed.

Davenport senior, finding all argument and remonstrance entirely thrown away, had finally told his son to "take himself off as soon as he liked." And Lawrence, deeply wounded by his father's obduracy, has sarcastically replied that he "was obliged for the kind permission," and departed.

From the windows of his present modest apartments he looked out frequently to congratulate himself upon the glorious June morning that heralded in what he jocularly referred to as the "double event." And every time he glanced up and down the thoroughfare he noticed a youth of lean, cadaverous appearance, lounging aimlessly about—now at one corner, now at another, now on the other side—whose sole object seemed to be the absorption of sunshine from the ambient air. Lawrence vaguely wondered whether anybody paid that youth a salary for keeping his hand continually in his pockets, and gazing leisurely at the universe.

Presently the anxiously-expected carriage arrived.

"Two minutes late," said Lawrence to the driver, with a frown.

The man smiled. He had driven feverish bridegrooms before, and understood all their little peculiarities.

"All right, sir: we'll easily make that up on the road, sir," he replied soothingly.

As Lawrence stepped into the vehicle, and just before it drove away, the head of the lithe and cadaverous youth appeared for a moment at the off-side window.

"Your name Davenport?" he inquired, in a whisper.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Here's a letter for you. There's no answer."

The carriage rolled on, and Lawrence found a plain blue envelope in his hand. There was no address or writing of any kind upon it; so that turning it over, marvelling what on earth it contained, and where the deuce it came from, was not likely to solve the mystery.

"Some practical joke, I expect. I'm glad I thought of that. Fore-warned is fore-armed."

If it was a practical joke, it was one of a nature that people do not often play upon one another. He drew from that envelope notes to the value of fifteen thousand dollars.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, joyously. "It can only come from the pater. The old gentleman is relenting, and has sent me this magnificent present anonymously as a delicate method of intimating the fact. Dear old dad! I knew he would come round. As soon as the ceremony is over I will send him a kind, grateful telegram, and humbly inform him that Kate and I have postponed starting on our honeymoon for some hours, in the earnest hope of receiving any commands he may deem fit to send; and that we look forward to the great happiness of fulfilling his every wish, et-cetera. Oh! I shall know how to word it."

Lawrence was so elated at the speedy prospect of a reconciliation with his father that he stuffed the notes into his breast-pocket, and immediately forgot all about them.

"What an agreeable surprise it will be for Kate!" he reflected. "I shall keep the news as a tid-bit to the very last moment. How eager she will be to know why we are driving to the telegraph office! Then I shall look severe, and tell her not to pry so curiously into her husband's private affairs. Oh, there is fun ahead, and joy, and pleasure, and peace!"

Poor Lawrence!

In the Church porch he was met by Reginald Gwynne, who had that moment arrived from the West, where his regiment was then stationed, to be his friend's "best man."

"Good luck, old fellow!" greeted Reginald, warmly. "I was determined to come, although the colonel was mighty grumpy over it."

Presently the bridal party arrived.

It was the simplest of weddings. Kate was attired in a rich, fawn-coloured silk robe, a la Princesse, remarkable chiefly for the admirable perfection to which it displayed the grace of her exquisite form. A few sprigs of white [illegible] and the beautiful diamond [illegible] and locket which Lawrence had given [illegible] her as a "last [illegible]" were the only ornaments she wore.

Maud and Alice [illegible], in pale blue, looked [illegible] young faces flushed with [illegible] excitement. Mrs. Burton, [illegible] dress, felt that she [illegible] elegance, for [illegible]. Not that that word [illegible] would have given [illegible] the question had [illegible].

There were no tears. Kate's features, always sweet and pensive, only grew a few shades more thoughtful when the minister's impressive voice repeated the quaint but eloquent words—

"Send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name; that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made (whereof this ring given and received is a token and pledge.)"

When all was finished, and Kate had written her maiden name "for the last time," everybody embraced her, and even the reverend old gentl [redacted] had performed the cerem resist the opportunity o saintly salute, accompani "God keep you, my child in the stately marriage most thrilling kiss of al Lawrence pressed up fondly murmured— "My darling—my w Farewell for a spac ence shed by the orb bright and full above two lives. The s clouds descend. T be quenched sudd may be felt in a g As Lawrence w bride into his dusty from a jo haste, placed h young husband "Mr. Davenp I have a word with yo

Lawrence stared at him haughtily.

"My name is Davenport," he replied. "What is your business with me?"

"Allow me to speak with you privately for a moment—you will not regret it," insisted the stranger.

"I do not know you, sir. Whatever you have to say you may say openly before my wife and friends, or leave it until a more fitting occasion."

"Oh! very well. I thought I might spare you a disagreeable scene; but proffered services are rarely appreciated. My instructions were to be in time to prevent this marriage, if possible. Unfortunately I received them too late. Lawrence Davenport, it is my unpleasant duty to arrest you on the charge of forgery."

"Forgery!"

The terrible word was echoed incredulously by all mouths. Even the coachman leant over his box and repeated it with a gasp of utter astonishment. Lawrence alone said nothing—he was white to the lips. Like the crash of doom it flashed upon him in that moment that he had in his pocket fifteen thousand dollars worth of notes, of which he could give no intelligible account. Mechanically he drew forth the envelope that contained them.

The officer, with a dexterous movement, snatched it easily from his grasp.

"That's right," he said, naturally. "I'll bear witness to your perfect willingness to surrender all documents and papers on the spot. Is there anything else you wish to hand up, or will you wait to see the inspector?"

"Look here, you have made a mistake," interrupted Reginald, "and a very serious mistake, for which I shall take care you suffer. Produce your authority, you vagabond!"

"There you are; warrant dated this morning. Oh! it's all correct; I know my business, and I won't be interfered with, so I can tell you that."

"The charge is made by—by— Good Heavens!" exclaimed Reginald, as he examined the instrument of arrest.

"By whom?" asked Lawrence, hoarsely.

"By your father! Oh! it is monstrous—impossible."

"There must be some devilish plot to ruin me!" cried Lawrence, wildly. "I can feel the net tightening round me although I cannot see the meshes."

"Well, you are not on your defense, you know; you will have plenty of time to consider that," said the officer.

"But you—you do not believe this foul accusation against me?" said Lawrence, in a tone of anguish, turning his sad eyes upon Kate, who had tightened both her arms upon his the moment she comprehended that danger threatened him.

"Believe!" she whispered, gently. "Oh! Lawrence, how can you ask such a question? If the whole world were to rise as one man to condemn you, my faith could never, never be shaken. Let the storm blow; we will resist its fury together."

He folded her to his heart.

"My love—my God-given wife! you fortify me with courage and comfort unspeakable. I will face this vile charge firmly, and fling it into the teeth of the miscreants who have hatched it."

"Do so, my brave boy. As for me I will rest neither night nor day until your unsullied honor shines forth again like the sun at noonday. Oh! I can work in your cause, Lawrence, with a power you do not dream of. I feel it born within me. Now—my natural weakness and timidity have fled—I am more than a man in the great strength of my purpose. Trust me, Lawrence. As I live I will surely find out who has done you this fearful wrong!"

There was nothing of the tragic in Kate's utterance. She spoke with a perfect conviction almost sublime. She did not permit the sharpness of her woman's agony to appear, lest it should add another pang to the suffering of her husband. Yes, even then her heart bounded at the thought. Her husband! Nobody could take away the right he had conferred upon her. And now that he was threatened by unmerited disgrace and misery she would be worthy of the name and nobility of wife. Turning to the officer, she said, quietly:

"You desire Mr. Davenport to go with you. May I ask where?"

"To the police-station, ma'm," returned the man, respectfully. He had been observing her demeanor, and placing mental notes of admiration against the word "pluck!" "If you would like to accompany me so far, ma'am, there can be no possible objection."

"I will go, too," put in Reginald.

"As you are a friend of this gentleman, I would suggest that you go to his lawyer instead," said the officer, dryly. "It's quite out of my line to give advice, but I wish to be agreeable."

"Yes, Gwynne, the man is right; I thank him," said Lawrence. "Fetch Mr. Dinnaway, of the firm of Dinnaway and Buckett, Broadway Street. Take this carriage, and follow me to the police-station as quickly as ever you can; there's a good fellow!"

"And, Mr. Gwynne," whispered Kate in his ear, as he was about to depart; "tell the lawyer to bring with him the cleverest detective that money can induce to act with us. Above all things, do not forget this—the best, the very best man he can find."

Reginald gave her a look of intelligence, and was driven off in hot haste.

Kate just waited to direct Mrs. Burton and the trembling children to return home in the remaining carriage, and then stepped into the cab, which already contained the officer and his prisoner.

Some three hours later they were joined at the station-house by Gwynne and the eminent lawyer, Mr. Dinnaway, accompanied by the celebrated detective, Bing.

"Dear me, Davenport!" began Mr. Dinnaway, shaking Lawrence sympathetically by the hand. "Shocking affair this—egregious error on somebody's part—we shall clear it all up, of course—just married too—lady your wife?—sure, I'm honored—don't be afraid, madam—all will come right."

"There is a fearful conspiracy against me somewhere," said Lawrence, when this burst had subsided. "I am charged with forging my father's name to a check for fifteen thousand dollars. On my way to the church this morning a young man I do not know placed what appeared to be a letter in my hand, and I departed instantly, saying there was no answer. On opening it I found [redacted] contained notes for ed at the conclu- oken of desire for part of my father, fended by my de- a direct opposition t. The inspector his money, which the proceeds of this book?" look?" inquired his nose reflec- is hand. briety, without rence's face. ocated Mr. Din- to translate a n take up this doubt of my continued, he detective, us slowly and with

"Then we can count upon your experience in helping us to unravel this horrid mystery?" exclaimed Kate, eagerly.

"Madam, you can," replied Bing, with a gentlemanly bow.

Kate threw a grateful glance upon the laconic detective.

"What is the first thing you propose to do for us, Bing?" asked the lawyer.

"Wait," said Bing. "Hear evidence; see witnesses."

"But we shall be examined to-morrow. We must say something."

"Ask for remand. Complete answer to charge," suggested Bing, in his dry fashion. Then, turning to Lawrence, he added—"Married in spite of 'em, eh? You must tell me all about that, privatly, by-and-bye. I am interested in romances—used to them you see. I can generally give a guess at the plot by studying the first chapter."

CHAPTER V.

A harmless dove may have a worse friend than a wise serpent.

On the following morning the examination of Lawrence Davenport took place before a well-known Police Judge.

In preferring the charge, Mr. Brawnside, for the prosecution, said that never had he had to deal with a more painful case and one which he approached with greater reluctance. The prosecutor was a gentleman whose name was spread far and wide, at home and abroad. The prisoner was his son. He (Mr. Brawnside) was thankful that it did not lie within the compass of his duty to dilate upon the previous ungrateful, wicked, obstinate, and defiant attitude which that son had assumed towards the most indulgent of fathers in matters of the deepest moment. The sad history of those family troubles might, so far as he was concerned, be buried in the profoundest oblivion. He would only explain that the prisoner's perverse course had evidently culminated in the crime with which he now stood accused, and which had aroused the righteous indignation of the prosecutor to a degree which the learned magistrate would understand when all the facts were laid before him. Without occupying the valuable time of the court by any further comments of his own, he would at once produce evidence which he felt would only be too conclusive of the prisoner's guilt, and then ask that he might be committed for trial.

Old Mr. Davenport now stepped into the witness-box. He was very pale, but there was a determined expression about the corners of his mouth, which remained unchanged by the occasional nervous twitch of his lips. He gazed fixedly before him at the wall opposite, and never once glanced at his son. His evidence ran something in this wise:—

"My name is Richard Davenport. The accused is my son. On the evening of the day before yesterday my private secretary, who was filling in some checks for me in my presence, suddenly called my attention to the fact that a blank form had disappeared. It had been abstracted from the book irregularly, and its loss would not be noticed until that particular part was reached. I invariably keep my check-book in a small safe in the library. I never remember it being left out under any circumstances. There are two keys—one I have myself, the other was in the possession of my son before he quitted my roof, and may be now, for aught I know, as he never returned it, and I forgot to ask him. The reason he had a key was because I allowed him to use the lower portion of the safe for his own papers and valuables. When my secretary informed me of the loss of the blank check I immediately sent for my bank-book. I discovered thereby that the missing check had been filled in for fifteen thousand dollars, and cashed some days previously. The check produced is the one referred to. I never drew it, or was aware of it being drawn. The signature is a clever forgery. The body of the check is in the handwriting of the accused, to the best of my belief."

Mr. John Checketts, private secretary to Mr. Davenport, confirmed his employer's evidence as regards the discovery of the abstracted check.

Mr. Bains, chief ledger-clerk of the United Joint-Stock Bank, proved that the check produced had been presented through a Brussels house, and duly honored. The date and endorsements would show that the check had been in circulation for over a fortnight. Mr. Bains was acquainted with prisoner's handwriting, and was of opinion that the filling-up was in that hand. The signature of the prosecutor was very closely imitated; but he was now able to state positively that it was a forgery.

An officer in plain clothes said that he arrested the prisoner yesterday, as the latter was issuing from the doors of St. Jude's Church, where he had just been married. (Sensation.) Upon being told the charge prisoner gave up to him an envelope, which proved to contain fifteen thousand dollars in notes.

Mr. Brawnside said that that was all the evidence he proposed to offer at present, and asked the judge to commit.

A stout gentleman, who had appeared to doze at the lawyers table now woke up, and strenuously opposed that demand. The worthy judge lent a deferential ear to the words of the stout gentleman, who was the renowned Mr. Bellerblow.

Mr. Bellerblow commenced by saying that he had only just been instructed, or he would have been able at once to scatter this monstrous—he had almost said "infamous"—charge to the four winds of heaven. He wished he had said "infamous," for that epithet would have best expressed his opinion on the subject. And let him remind all those parties concerned in getting up this prosecution that they would have to keep a sharp lookout, or they might find themselves placed in a highly disagreeable position before that very bar to which they had dragged his unfortunate client.

The senile old man who had been induced to prosecute his own son must have been actuated by those who had motives far stronger than a wanton desire to trail an honorable and respected name through the mud. On a future occasion it would be his (Mr. Bellerblow's) business to expose those motives. At present he would confine himself to asking the judge to remand the case for a week, and thus enable him to produce that evidence which would cover the prosecution with confusion, and send his innocent client from that court stainless, to seek redress for his wrongs before another tribunal.

Mr. Bellerblow waxed very eloquent in the course of this address, of which we have only given an outline; and no one would have suspected that he knew no more about the matter than what he had gathered from a hasty three minutes' conversation with Lawrence's solicitor that very morning.

In the end the remand was granted; but in consequence of the magnitude of the charge bail was refused.

One of the most attentive spectators of the proceedings was Detective Bing. He sat at the reporters' table, looking, with his note-book and pencil, for all the world like a "gentleman of the press." But the only bit of reporting he indulged in was to write against the name of Richard Davenport the word "ass," and against that of Mr. John Checkett's the word "sly." Now if the sleek secretary could have peeped over Bing's shoulder and read that insignificant monosyllable he would have understood at once that the detective had formed a very unfavorable opinion of him. Long before Mr. Bellerblow had completed his soul-stirring oration Bing had decided upon the course to be adopted.

An hour or two later a council of war was being held in the private office of Mr. Dinnaway. There were present the fussy little lawyer himself, Kate, the youthful wife of a few hours, pale, calm, and intently earnest. Reginald Gwynne, excited and eager to rush into immediate action in the cause of his friend. He had a dim notion that somebody would have to be thrashed, without exactly knowing whom. But he expressed himself anxious to undertake that duty immediately the enemy was pointed out.

Bing, the remaining member of the council, was dumb while the young soldier uncorked the phials of his indignation, and poured them forth with indiscriminate vigor upon the heads of the unknown foe. When the torrent had subsided, the detective said, in his quiet fashion—

"And now, sir, I think I'll take the helm."

"Yes, Bing; you're the man. Give us your views," assented Mr. Dinnaway.

"I learn from Mr. Lawrence Davenport," said Bing, addressing the lieutenant, "that you, sir, are well acquainted with his family—are an intimate friend, in fact."

"That is so—or was, I suppose I must say."

"Mr. Davenport has a daughter, Miss Edith, I believe" (Reginald's hot flush did not escape the observation of the shrewd detective), "who is shortly to be married to Mr. Gerald Van Blarcom?" continued Bing.

"To be married—she is to married, as you say," murmured the young man, walking to the window and taking a sudden interest in the street below. "But I fail to see what that young lady has to do with our present business," he added, somewhat haughtily, as he returned to his questioner.

"We are not all equal in respect to vision, sir," replied Bing. "I have been accustomed to look through a microscope for twenty years, and my sight is probably more trained than yours. This affair has been placed in my hands, and I must be allowed to conduct it in my own way."

"Oh! certainly, Bing, certainly. We're all agreeable; we give you carte blanche," interposed Mr. Dinnaway.

"Then I will pursue my inquiries a little further. Miss Davenport has doubtless a strong affection for her brother?"

"She is extremely fond of him," said Reginald.

"But she is not greatly attached to her future husband I understand?"

"Attached!" exclaimed Reginald, warmly. "She detests the sight of him. Old Davenport is a scoundrel to force the match upon her."

"Ah! well. She is not yet Mrs. Van Blarcom, and perhaps she never may be—things turn out so strangely in this world. However, what I was about to ask is whether Miss Davenport has a companion—a lady companion, I mean—someone to read to her and drive out with her, and all that sort of thing, for so much a-year?"

"No; I am certain she has not."

"Well, we must find her one forthwith. We must let her into our secrets and win her to our assistance; which will not be difficult, I apprehend. That portion of the business I shall confide to you, Mr. Gwynne. From what I can see you are best calculated to induce Miss Davenport to act with us, heart and soul. It will be my task to find a companion for her, who must enter upon her duties immediately."

"You choose a companion? Whom, may I ask?"

"This lady," said Bing, bowing to Kate, who rose, trembling, to her feet. "This brave, injured lady, will be willing to accept the position for a few days in order that she may enable us to strike at the root of the foul conspiracy which has attacked her husband's honor and liberty."

"I will do anything—anything!" cried Kate, stepping forward and grasping the detective imploringly by the hand. "I think I can see what you mean. You believe the plot against—against my husband has its origin in the household of Mr. Davenport itself."

"You have hit it, madam. That is exactly my conviction, and we must have someone there who is determined to hunt out the spiders that have woven the web."

"I am determined. You may trust me, Mr. Bing. I am determined."

"Madame, the task is a delicate one, but I have no fear for the result," said Bing, looking down approvingly upon the sweet, but firm and devoted woman who relied so confidently upon his aid without query or hesitation. "You will report to me every circumstance, however trivial, that come under your notice; and your notice will, I believe, embrace a wide scope. The field of observation will quickly be narrowed to the actions and conversation of some two or three individuals, I expect. In all these matters I shall give you clear instructions for your guidance; and, indeed, shall be always near you. You will never find me very far from the neighborhood of Davenport Lodge. Madam, I am certain that your short residence in that house will result in some curious discoveries. I have immense faith in your unfaltering and noble resolution to get at the bottom of this black mystery. If I am permitted to coin a proverb appropriate to the subject I will say that love on the look-out has the eye of an eagle."

Mr. Bing was, as we have seen, a gallant man, and prided himself upon being able to say a neat thing on occasion. And he thought he had said a neat thing then. Perhaps he had.

At all events Mr. Dinnaway rubbed his hands and said—

"Good! very good! I like your style, Bing, and I like your scheme. It is just what I should have proposed myself—precisely in every respect, I may say. But we must get Mrs.—hem! Mrs. Davenport introduced into her novel position at once. We have only a week before us, you know."

"We require no more," replied Bing. "It is a valuable week. The conspirators, whoever they may prove to be, will take frequent opportunities of conferring during the time; and that is exactly where our chance of catching them lies. Mr. Gwynne will now, perhaps, kindly start, and communicate our designs to Miss Davenport, who will doubtless suggest the means by which this lady may become an inmate of Davenport Lodge to-morrow."

"I anticipate no difficulty on that score," said Reginald. "The old gentleman never interferes in any way with the personal wishes of E——, of his daughter, when they do not clash with his own."

After some further conversation, Reginald departed on his mission, secretly delighted with that portion of the plan which would again bring him into intimate contact with the darling of his heart; and cherishing, with perhaps an unwarranted sense of hope, those inspiring words of the detective, "She is not yet Mrs. Van Blarcom."

Before the council finally broke up, Kate inquired of Bing—

"When I enter that household, tell me, what is the first thing to be done?"

"You are right, madam. The opening move is simple, but it requires to be indicated. Mr. Davenport has a secretary of the name of Checketts."

"Well?"

"Him you must observe carefully. Try and discover how he employs his spare time. Also, whether he is in the habit of meeting any persons privately; and if so, whom. This is most important. Watch the man well without exciting suspicion, and gather every scrap of information you can collect respecting his movements."

"I will be his shadow," replied Kate.

CHAPTER VI

Love on the look-out has the eye of an eagle.

Kate was now an inmate of Davenport Lodge. Tender little Edith loved her brother far too dearly not to enter with eagerness into any arrangements having his dearest happiness for their object; and whatever little excuses she may have found it necessary to make in order to account for Kate's appearance as her friend and companion, must be left to the absolving tear of the recording angel; among others, the one that Kate was presented under the name of, a schoolfellow of Edith's early girlhood—Miss Raymond.

[illegible] hours the young wife's sweet winning manners had secured the pre[illegible] goodwill of everybody in the [illegible] with the exception of Mr. Checketts. That gentleman not unnaturally regarded the introduction of another "treasure" into what he facetiously called his own "preserves" with an eye of disfavor.

Edith, with all the favor of her clinging nature, almost immediately conceived an affection for her newly-found sister, whose burden of trouble was even more terrible than her own.

"You are so courageous—so hopeful," she said, "or the weight of these misfortunes must crush you. They would me. As it is I am scarcely able to bear the accumulation of evils with which I am being surrounded."

"It will not do for me now for you either, dear Edith," answered Kate, "to give way to faint-heartedness or wringing of hands in the present dreadful emergency. Think—think of the danger that threatens my beloved husband, your own brother, wickedly torn from me in the first moments of our union by creatures who must, indeed, be the vilest miscreants, and say whether I could be otherwise than brave, and resolute, and untiring in the efforts I make for his sake. Ah! Edith, I thought I knew what prayer meant before this; but I did not. Can you imagine what I feel now? It is as though my soul verily had arisen, raised in perpetual appeal to the Author of all strength, and He will surely grant me that which is requisite. I shall not fail. I have faith."

"And Lawrence—how does he bear this trial?"

"Nobly, as becomes a man conscious of his perfect innocence. He, too, has faith in Heaven and in me."

"You love him very, very much?" said Edith, wistfully.

"Dearer than life. My great affection was all I had to offer; but he gained it. It is his and it shall not prove worthless to him."

"Oh! if I had but your brave nature," murmured Edith, as tears filled her eyes.

"My gentle sister!" exclaimed Kate, embracing her fondly. "I know your secret. Part I gathered from Lawrence, and the other I guessed. You love Reginald Gwynne; you are to be separated from him. You are unhappy."

"I am miserable," said Edith, utterly breaking down.

"There, there! little one, let me comfort you, for I can—I will."

"How—how?" cried the poor girl, wildly. "When I saw Reginald yesterday I loved him more than ever. He looked so sad, he spoke so kindly, he kissed me, and, oh! it was wrong, because he knows I am going to be forced into a hateful marriage against my will, and that my heart is breaking. It is broken already."

"Edith," said Kate, speaking with that calm accent of conviction which is as grateful to the agitated mind as is cooling water to feverish lips—"Edith, rely upon this: if I can help it—if Lawrence can help it—you shall not marry any but the man you love, and who loves you."

"Oh! if I could believe it."

"You must, you shall believe it. When Lawrence is free, as he will be in a few days, please God, what a debt of reparation will his father owe him! When Mr. Davenport finds out that he has been the victim of mistakes, or the tool of knaves, he will hardly be able to stand unabashed before the son he so nearly covered with hideous ruin. Money—fortune—shall not be accepted as a peace-offering. We can do without that. We were resigned to its loss ere we married. But your freedom, your happiness, shall be the only price of complete and unconditional reconciliation. And we shall purchase it—trust me, we shall purchase it easily."

"Kate—Kate, you almost make me hope."

"Hope on, then, my darling. There are bright days in store for you. You are not going to be sacrificed to your father's ambition, or to Mr. Gerald Van Blarcom's cupidity. You shall be the cherished little bride of Reginald Gwynne, as you deserve. Mind, I say so."

Thus did our dear Kate shoot a ray of joy into her trembling companion in grief. Is it not a splendid spirit that can find wings to rise superior to the depths of its own misery on purpose to cheer the [illegible] of a fellow sufferer?

There can be [illegible] Samaritan even than the Good Samaritan, who, themselves having been [illegible] and beaten by thieves, pour [illegible] oil and the wine into the wounds of those luckless wayfarers [illegible] than they.

[illegible] day in this world [illegible] Brothers, humanity moves on [illegible]. Let us take courage.

There was a [illegible] dinner that day at Davenport Lodge. The viands were excellent [illegible] but behind every chair [illegible] in stern attendance.

"Take some soup," said the spectre in waiting upon Mr. Davenport. And instantly the little appetite which that gentleman possessed disappeared, and the soup went away almost untouched.

"This fish is tempting," observed the [illegible] at Kate's elbow; and half the portion she might have eaten was swallowed with difficulty.

"You'll like that," whispered the ghost who devoted himself to Edith, and the young lady turned pale and sickened at the dainty up in her plate.

Mr. Van Blarcom made a very poor repast. He seemed preoccupied, and gazed frequently at Kate with an expression which his face had never worn before.

Mr. Checketts alone contrived to do justice to the good fare. When his haunting spectre said—"Try a small piece more—do now—be persuaded!" he smiled [illegible] and replied—

"Thank you, I will," and he did.

In the drawing-room Mr. Davenport made a mighty effort to rebel against the authority of the skeletons which followed them thither. He tried one or two ghastly puns and the skeletons laughed in chorus until he could imagine their ribs shaking with a sepulchral rattle. "Ah, ah! Good! Excellent! Let's have another!" they seemed to say. So he gave it up, and endeavoured to talk "shop" with Mr. Van Blarcom. But the prospective son-in-law was taciturn, and uttered nothing but random answers.

To be Continued.

A Paralyzed Bridegroom.

A recent despatch from Bethel, Ky., says: Two years ago Calvin Stowers, whose wife had been expected to die with pulmonary disease for several months, was called to her bedside to say farewell. She placed a small iron ring that she had ordered made for the purpose on the third finger of the left hand, and extorted an oath that he would never marry again. Then she died contentedly, saying that if he broke his word she would haunt and ruin his life. Recently he was married to Emma Brickel, a girl to whom he was engaged before his marriage, but they had disagreed. The ceremony was a private one, only a few friends witnessing the rites.

The bride took the ring from his finger, saying it was superstitious to regard a wish so selfish. Within two hours following the bridegroom's left side was paralyzed, strangely enough beginning in the finger that had worn the fatal ring. A charm-worker in the neighborhood declared that nothing would restore strength to the limbs but the wearing of the ring. This, it was discovered, could not be restored to its place, being much too small, whereas it had been before amply large.

The bridegroom is terror stricken, and has apparently lost interest in his young wife. Stowers is a frugal, intelligent farmer, well known and liked, as is also his wife, who is an industrious woman, respected for her good common sense.

Nitro-Glycerine.

Dr. M. H. Leskerstein, of Chicago, reports the remarkable effects of nitro-glycerine in resuscitating life. His patient was a woman, who sank rapidly and was apparently dead. Any action of the heart was imperceptible, the temperature of the body had fallen to 92 degrees F., and every indication of death was present. A solution of nitro-glycerine was administered hypodermically, when there was a gasp, followed by three others within a minute. During the second minute six respirations were noted, with a faint fluttering of the heart, but no wrist pulse was discernible. During the third minute eighteen respirations were evident and a feeble pulse. During the fourth minute the pulse rose to 180 and above, the face was flushed, the eyes rolled, the muscles slowly relaxed and the patient became comfortable.

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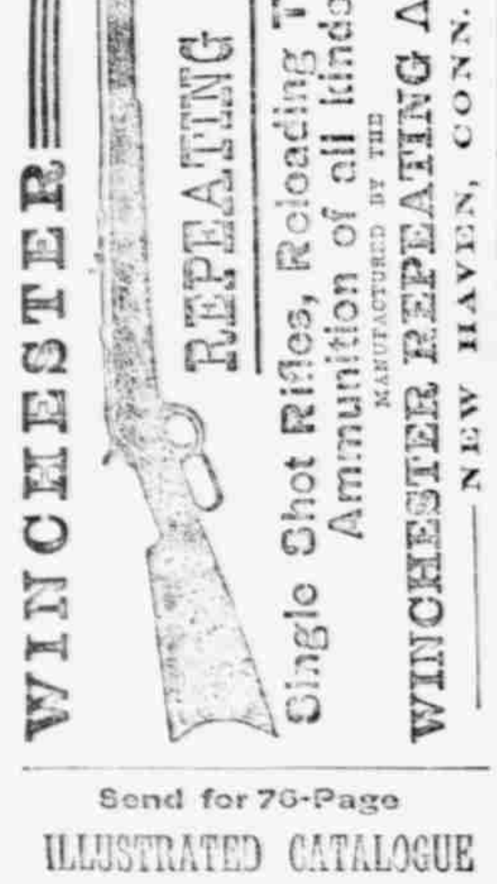

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A HUSBAND'S CROWN

"Not at all unlikely. And the document which would have consigned you to that retreat is still in my possession."

"You promised to hand it over to me."

"I did, and I shall keep that promise by-and-bye, Mr. Checketts—by-and-bye. In the meanwhile I shall continue to hold it as a sort of guarantee of your faithfulness to me—a curious guarantee, I admit, but a powerful one, I think. Not that I doubt you in the least. Your interests are bound up with mine. If I rise so do you, and that in proportion to my ascent. Now listen. Of course, we are both aware of the recent split between Lawrence and his father on the subject of marriage. The young man is determined and, I am convinced, will have his own way. The old man is likewise determined, but will be quite helpless to avoid defeat if Lawrence, as he will do, sets all his most tremendous threats at defiance. In the ordinary course this thing will end as such affairs always do. When Davenport finds that what is done cannot be undone, he will gradually relent, and take his son and his son's chosen wife back into favor."

"It is a safe prophecy."

"But if we could so work the oracle that this event did not occur—that Lawrence should so fatally offend and disgrace himself in the eyes of his father, as to be irredeemably alienated from him, the old man would infallibly stick to his word, and cut him off with a dollar. In that case Edith—my wife that is to be—would inherit the bulk of Davenport's vast fortune. I have been succinct, Checketts, because I want you to understand thoroughly that that is precisely what I wish to bring about."

Mr. Checketts' little eyes twinkled.

"It is a splendid idea," he said; "but I don't see how it can be carried into effect."

"I have a plan," Mr. Van Blarcom, lowering his voice to a whisper—"a grand, bold plan, which with your aid is bound to succeed. The price I offer you for that assistance shall be a liberal one. On my accession, or, what comes to the same thing, on the accession of my wife to the greater part of Davenport's money, I will hand you a cheque for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Honor bright?" exclaimed Checketts, with a blaze of cupidity.

"I swear it. But I will do more, and give you a paper so worded that you may claim that sum from me in the event of our success."

"Go on, then, Mr. Van Blarcom. State your plan. I will enter into it soul and body. Here's my hand on it."

"It is very deep and very clever, I flatter myself, Checketts; but it is very daring into the bargain. We will not discuss it here. Let us retire to your own sitting room, where we can talk without fear of being disturbed, and sketch the whole thing out from beginning to end."

CHAPTER IV.

True love is like the moon—it borrows its light from Heaven to shed it over one world alone.

Lawrence Davenport was putting the finishing touches to a careful toilet. A few weeks ago he would have been assisted therein by a skilled valet, who might doubtless have arranged that necktie with more consummate art, or flicked the stray particles of dust from that brand-new coat with greater dexterity. But latterly Lawrence had dispensed with such luxurious aid as not warranted in a man of limited means. On this particular morning he felt satisfied that he had succeeded in attiring himself with an ability worthy of a supreme occasion.

And few events in life are so important as the marriage-day. It is the first step in a new path deliberately selected. Whatever motives may have influenced our decision—whether guided by a pure, unfading affection, or impelled by wild but ephemeral passion, or drawn by the cold chains of mere worldly consideration—for this once the reins of our destiny seemed placed in our hands to grasp or relinquish, as best pleases us.

Lawrence had many solemn reflections mingled with his more joyous ones, as he waited for the carriage which was to convey him to the church. But never a doubt cast a shadow over them. He felt that he had chosen the high road to happiness; that whatever misfortunes the future might hold in store, he had secured one bright treasure—one source of perennial gladness—of which he could never be deprived by the world's changes.

He deeply regretted his parent's anger. For Kate's sake, more than his own, he was affected by the threatened loss of wealth and position. He would also have preferred a brilliant wedding, surrounded by friends and well-wishers, and crowned by a warm welcome to his fair bride.

He was pained when he pictured his father—whom he had duly informed of the date and place of his marriage—sitting lonely and unforgiving in chilly grandeur, and, perhaps, cursing him in bitterness of spirit. But as he thought of these things he looked forward hopefully to a time when their hands should again meet in the grasp of friendship, and the breach should be healed.

Davenport senior, finding all argument and remonstrance entirely thrown away, had finally told his son to "take himself off as soon as he liked." And Lawrence, deeply wounded by his father's obduracy, has sarcastically replied that he "was obliged for the kind permission," and departed.

From the windows of his present modest apartments he looked out frequently to congratulate himself upon the glorious June morning that heralded in what he jocularly referred to as the "double event." And every time he glanced up and down the thoroughfare he noticed a youth of lean, cadaverous appearance, lounging aimlessly about—now at one corner, now at another, now on the other side—whose sole object seemed to be the absorption of sunshine from the ambient air. Lawrence vaguely wondered whether anybody paid that youth a salary for keeping his hand continually in his pockets, and gazing leisurely at the universe.

Presently the anxiously-expected carriage arrived.

"Two minutes late," said Lawrence to the driver, with a frown.

The man smiled. He had driven feverish bridegrooms before, and understood all their little peculiarities.

"All right, sir; we'll easily make that up on the road, sir," he replied soothingly.

As Lawrence stepped into the vehicle, and just before it drove away, the head of the lean and cadaverous youth appeared for a moment at the off-side window.

"Your name Davenport?" he inquired, in a whisper.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Here's a letter for you. There's no answer."

The carriage rolled on, and Lawrence found a plain blue envelope in his hand. There was no address or writing of any kind upon it; so that turning it over, marvelling what on earth it contained, and where the deuce it came from, was not likely to solve the mystery.

"Some practical joke, I expect. I'm glad I thought of that. Fore-warned is fore-armed."

If it was a practical joke, it was one of a nature that people do not often play upon one another. He drew from that envelope notes to the value of fifteen thousand dollars.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, joyously. "It can only come from the *pater*. The old gentleman is relenting, and has sent me this magnificent present anonymously as a delicate method of intimating the fact. Dear old dad! I knew he would come round. As soon as the ceremony is over I will send him a kind, grateful telegram, and humbly inform him that Kate and I have postponed starting on our honeymoon for some hours, in the earnest hope of receiving any commands he may deem fit to send; and that we look forward to the great happiness of fulfilling his every wish, et-cetera. Oh! I shall know how to word it."

Lawrence was so elated at the speedy prospect of a reconciliation with his father that he stuffed the notes into his breast-pocket, and immediately forgot all about them.

"What an agreeable surprise it will be for Kate!" he reflected. "I shall keep the news as a tid-bit to the very last moment. How eager she will be to know why we are driving to the telegraph office! Then I shall look severe, and tell her not to pry so curiously into her husband's private affairs. Oh, there is fun ahead, and joy, and pleasure, and peace!"

Poor Lawrence!

In the Church porch he was met by Reginald Gwynne, who had that moment arrived from the West, where his regiment was then stationed, to be his friend's "best man."

"Good luck, old fellow!" greeted Reginald, warmly. "I was determined to come, although the colonel was mighty grumpy over it."

Presently the bridal party arrived.

It was the simplest of weddings. Kate was attired in a rich, fawn-coloured silk robe, *a la Princesse*, remarkable chiefly for the admirable perfection to which it displayed the grace of her exquisite form. A few sprigs of white blossom and the beautiful diamond earrings and locket which Lawrence had persisted in giving her as a "last extravagance" were the only ornaments she wore.

Maud and Alice, as bridesmaids, in pale blue, looked charming, their bright young faces flushed with childish excitement. Mrs. Burton, in her black satin dress, felt that she made a very dignified *chaperone*, for want of a better. Not that that word occurred to her. She would have given herself the title of "head cook and bottle washer" if the question had been raised.

There were no tears. Kate's features, always sweet and pensive, only grew a few shades more thoughtful when the minister's impressive voice repeated the quaint but eloquent words—

"Send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name; that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made (whereof this ring given and received is a token and pledge.)"

When all was finished, and Kate had written her maiden name "for the last time," everybody embraced her, and even the reverend old gentleman who had performed the ceremony could not resist the opportunity of giving her a saintly salute, accompanied by a fatherly "God keep you, my child!" not contained in the stately marriage service. But the most thrilling kiss of all was that which Lawrence pressed upon her lips, as he fondly murmured—

"My darling—my wife!"

Farewell for a space to the rosy effulgence shed by the orb of Hope, as it rises bright and full above the horizon of these two lives. The shadows gather—the clouds descend. The early beams are to be quenched suddenly in a darkness that may be felt in a gloom impenetrable.

As Lawrence was about to hand the bride into his carriage, a man, hot and dusty from a journey evidently made in haste, placed his hand lightly upon the young husband's shoulder.

"Mr. Davenport, I believe. Can I have a word with you, alone?"

Lawrence stared at him haughtily.

"My name is Davenport," he replied. "What is your business with me?"

"Allow me to speak with you privately for a moment—you will not regret it," insisted the stranger.

"I do not know you, sir. Whatever you have to say you may say openly before my wife and friends, or leave it until a more fitting occasion."

"Oh! very well. I thought I might spare you a disagreeable scene; but proffered services are rarely appreciated. My instructions were to be in time to prevent this marriage, if possible. Unfortunately I received them too late. Lawrence Davenport, it is my unpleasant duty to arrest you on the charge of forgery."

"Forgery!"

The terrible word was echoed incredulously by all mouths. Even the coachman leant over his box and repeated it with a gasp of utter astonishment. Lawrence alone said nothing—he was white to the lips. Like the crash of doom it flashed upon him in that moment that he had in his pocked fifteen thousand dollars worth of notes, of which he could give no intelligible account. Mechanically he drew forth the envelope that contained them.

The officer, with a dexterous movement, snatched it easily from his grasp.

"That's right," he said, naturally. "I'll bear witness to your perfect willingness to surrender all documents and papers on the spot. Is there anything else you wish to hand up, or will you wait to see the inspector?"

"Look here, you have made a mistake," interrupted Reginald, "and a very serious mistake, for which I shall take care you suffer. Produce your authority, you vagabond!"

"There you are; warrant dated this morning. Oh! it's all correct; I know my business, and I won't be interfered with, so I can tell you that."

"The charge is made by—by— Good Heavens!" exclaimed Reginald, as he examined the instrument of arrest.

"By whom?" asked Lawrence, hoarsely.

"By your father! Oh! it is monstrous—impossible."

"There must be some devilish plot to ruin me!" cried Lawrence, wildly. "I can feel the net tightening round me although I cannot see the meshes."

"Well, you are not on your defense, you know; you will have plenty of time to consider that," said the officer.

"But you—you do not believe this foul accusation against me?" said Lawrence, in a tone of anguish, turning his sad eyes upon Kate, who had tightened both her arms upon his the moment she comprehended that danger threatened him.

"Believe!" she whispered, gently. "Oh! Lawrence, how can you ask such a question? If the whole world were to rise as one man to condemn you, my faith could never, never be shaken. Let the storm blow; we will resist its fury together."

He folded her to his heart.

"My love—my God-given wife! you fortify me with courage and comfort unspeakable. I will face this vile charge firmly, and fling it into the teeth of the miscreants who have hatched it."

"Do so, my brave boy. As for me I will rest neither night nor day until your unsullied honor shines forth again like the sun at noonday. Oh! I can work in your cause, Lawrence, with a power you do not dream of. I feel it born within me. Now my natural weakness and timidity have fled—I am more than a man in the great strength of my purpose. Trust me, Lawrence. As I live I will surely find out who has done you this fearful wrong!"

There was nothing of the tragic in Kate's utterance. She spoke with a perfect conviction almost sublime. She did not permit the sharpness of her woman's agony to appear, lest it should add another pang to the suffering of her husband. Yes, even then her heart bounded at the thought. Her husband! Nobody could take away the right he had conferred upon her. And now that he was threatened by unmerited disgrace and misery she would be worthy of the name and nobility of wife. Turning to the officer, she said, quietly:

"You desire Mr. Davenport to go with you. May I ask where?"

"To the police-station, ma'm," returned the man, respectfully. He had been observing her demeanor, and placing mental notes of admiration against the word "pluck!" "If you would like to accompany me so far, ma'am, there can be no possible objection."

"I will go, too," put in Reginald.

"As you are a friend of this gentleman, I would suggest that you go to his lawyer instead," said the officer, dryly. "It's quite out of my line to give advice, but I wish to be agreeable."

"Yes, Gwynne, the man is right; I thank him," said Lawrence. "Fetch Mr. Dinnaway, of the firm of Dinnaway and Buckett, Broadway Street. Take this carriage, and follow me to the police-station as quickly as ever you can; there's a good fellow!"

"And, Mr. Gwynne," whispered Kate in his ear, as he was about to depart; "tell the lawyer to bring with him the cleverest detective that money can induce to act with us. Above all things, do not forget this—the best, the very best man he can find."

Reginald gave her a look of intelligence, and was driven off in hot haste.

Kate just waited to direct Mrs. Burton and the trembling children to return home in the remaining carriage, and then stepped into the cab, which already contained the officer and his prisoner.

Some three hours later they were joined at the station-house by Gwynne and the eminent lawyer, Mr. Dinnaway, accompanied by the celebrated detective, Bing.

"Dear me, Davenport!" began Mr. Dinnaway, shaking Lawrence sympathetically by the hand. "Shocking affair this—egregious error on somebody's part—we shall clear it all up, of course—just married too—lady your wife?—sure, I'm honored—don't be afraid, madam—all will come right."

"There is a fearful conspiracy against me somewhere," said Lawrence, when this burst had subsided. "I am charged with forging my father's name to a check for fifteen thousand dollars. On my way to the church this morning a young man I do not know placed what appeared to be a letter in my hand, and departed instantly, saying there was no answer. On opening it I found it contained notes for that amount. I jumped at the conclusion that this was a token of desire for reconciliation on the part of my father, whom I had deeply offended by my determination to marry in direct opposition to his will and consent. The inspector now informs me that the money, which I have given up, forms the proceeds of the forgery. How does this look?"

"Bing, how does this look?" inquired Mr. Dinnaway, polishing his nose reflectively with the palm of his hand.

"Black," replied Bing, briefly, without taking his eyes from Lawrence's face.

"Bing says 'black,'" repeated Mr. Dinnaway, as though he had to translate a foreign word. "But he can take up this case without the slightest doubt of my client's innocence," he continued, promptly.

"I have no doubt," said the detective, bringing out his words slowly and with emphasis.

"Then we can count upon your experience in helping us to unravel this horrid mystery?" exclaimed Kate, eagerly.

"Madam, you can," replied Bing, with a gentlemanly bow.

Kate threw a grateful glance upon the laconic detective.

"What is the first thing you propose to do for us, Bing?" asked the lawyer.

"Wait," said Bing. "Hear evidence; see witnesses."

"But we shall be examined to-morrow. We must say something."

"Ask for remand. Complete answer to charge," suggested Bing, in his dry fashion. Then, turning to Lawrence, he added—"Married in spite of 'em, eh? You must tell me all about that privatly, by-and-bye. I am interested in romances—used to them you see. I can generally give a guess at the plot by studying the first chapter."

CHAPTER V.

A harmless dove may have a worse friend than a wise serpent.

On the following morning the examination of Lawrence Davenport took place before a well-known Police Judge.

In preferring the charge, Mr. Brawnside, for the prosecution, said that never had he had to deal with a more painful case and one which he approached with greater reluctance. The prosecutor was a gentleman whose name was spread far and wide, at home and abroad. The prisoner was his son. He (Mr. Brawnside) was thankful that it did not lie within the compass of his duty to dilate upon the previous ungrateful, wicked, obstinate, and defiant attitude which that son had assumed towards the most indulgent of fathers in matters of the deepest moment. The sad history of those family troubles might, so far as he was concerned, be buried in the profoundest oblivion. He would only explain that the prisoner's perverse course had evidently culminated in the crime with which he now stood accused, and which had aroused the righteous indignation of the prosecutor to a degree which the learned magistrate would understand when all the facts were laid before him. Without occupying the valuable time of the court by any further comments of his own, he would at once produce evidence which he felt would only be too conclusive of the prisoner's guilt, and then ask that he might be committed for trial.

Old Mr. Davenport now stepped into the witness-box. He was very pale, but there was a determined expression about the corners of his mouth, which remained unchanged by the occasional nervous twitch of his lips. He gazed fixedly before him at the wall opposite, and never once glanced at his son. His evidence ran something in this wise:—

"My name is Richard Davenport. The accused is my son. On the evening of the day before yesterday my private secretary, who was filling in some checks for me in my presence, suddenly called my attention to the fact that a blank form had disappeared. It had been abstracted from the book irregularly, and its loss would not be noticed until that particular part was reached. I invariably keep my check-book in a small safe in the library. I never remember it being left out under any circumstances. There are two keys—one I have myself, the other was in the possession of my son before he quitted my roof, and may be now, for aught I know, as he never returned it, and I forgot to ask him. The reason he had a key was because I allowed him to use the lower portion of the safe for his own papers and valuables. When my secretary informed me of the loss of the blank check I immediately sent for my bank-book. I discovered thereby that the missing check had been filled in for fifteen thousand dollars, and cashed some days previously. The check produced is the one referred to. I never drew it, or was aware of it being drawn. The signature is a clever forgery. The body of the check is in the handwriting of the accused, to the best of my belief."

Mr. John Checketts, private secretary to Mr. Davenport, confirmed his employer's evidence as regards the discovery of the abstracted check.

Mr. Bains, chief ledger-clerk of the United Joint-Stock Bank, proved that the check produced had been presented through a Brussels house, and duly honored. The date and endorsements would show that the check had been in circulation for over a fortnight. Mr. Bains was acquainted with prisoner's handwriting, and was of opinion that the filling-up was in that hand. The signature of the prosecutor was very closely imitated; but he was now able to state positively that it was a forgery.

An officer in plain clothes said that he arrested the prisoner yesterday, as the latter was issuing from the doors of St. Jude's Church, where he had just been married. (Sensation.) Upon being told the charge prisoner gave up to him an envelope, which proved to contain fifteen thousand dollars in notes.

Mr. Brawnside said that that was all the evidence he proposed to offer at present, and asked the judge to commit.

A stout gentleman, who had appeared to doze at the lawyers table now woke up, and strenuously opposed that demand. The worthy judge lent a deferential ear to the words of the stout gentleman, who was the renowned Mr. Bellerblow.

Mr. Bellerblow commenced by saying that he had only just been instructed, or he would have been able at once to scatter this monstrous—he had almost said "infamous"—charge to the four winds of heaven. He wished he had said "infamous," for that epithet would have best expressed his opinion on the subject. And let him remind all those parties concerned in getting up this prosecution that they would have to keep a sharp lookout, or they might find themselves placed in a highly disagreeable position before that very bar to which they had dragged his unfortunate client.

The senile old man who had been induced to prosecute his own son must have been actuated by those who had motives far stronger than a wanton desire to trail an honorable and respected name through the mud. On a future occasion it would be his (Mr. Bellerblow's) business to expose those motives. At present he would confine himself to asking the judge to remand the case for a week, and thus enable him to produce that evidence which would cover the prosecution with confusion, and send his innocent client from that court stainless, to seek redress for his wrongs before another tribunal.

Mr. Bellerblow waxed very eloquent in the course of this address, of which we have only given an outline; and no one would have suspected that he knew no more about the matter than what he had gathered from a hasty three minutes' conversation with Lawrence's solicitor that very morning.

In the end the remand was granted; but in consequence of the magnitude of the charge bail was refused.

One of the most attentive spectators of the proceedings was Detective Bing. He sat at the reporters' table, looking, with his note-book and pencil, for all the world like a "gentleman of the press." But the only bit of reporting he indulged in was to write against the name of Richard Davenport the word "ass," and against that of Mr. John Checkett's the word "sly." Now if the sleek secretary could have peeped over Bing's shoulder and read that insignificant monosyllable he would have understood at once that the detective had formed a very unfavorable opinion of him. Long before Mr. Bellerblow had completed his soul-stirring oration Bing had decided upon the course to be adopted.

An hour or two later a council of war was being held in the private office of Mr. Dinnaway. There were present the fussy little lawyer himself, Kate, the youthful wife of a few hours, pale, calm, and intently earnest, Reginald Gwynne, excited and eager to rush into immediate action in the cause of his friend. He had a dim notion that somebody would have to be thrashed, without exactly knowing whom. But he expressed himself anxious to undertake that duty immediately the enemy was pointed out.

Bing, the remaining member of the council, was dumb while the young soldier uncorked the phials of his indignation, and poured them forth with indiscriminate vigor upon the heads of the unknown foe. When the torrent had subsided, the detective said, in his quiet fashion—

"And now, sir, I think I'll take the helm."

"Yes, Bing; you're the man. Give us your views," assented Mr. Dinnaway.

"I learn from Mr. Lawrence Davenport," said Bing, addressing the lieutenant, "that you, sir, are well acquainted with his family—are an intimate friend, in fact."

"That is so—or was, I suppose I must say."

"Mr. Davenport has a daughter, Miss Edith, I believe" (Reginald's hot flush did not escape the observation of the shrewd detective), "who is shortly to be married to Mr. Gerald Van Blarcom?" continued Bing.

"To be married—she is to married, as you say," murmured the young man, walking to the window and taking a sudden interest in the street below. "But I fail to see what that young lady has to do with our present business," he added, somewhat haughtily, as he returned to his questioner.

"We are not all equal in respect to vision, sir," replied Bing. "I have been accustomed to look through a microscope for twenty years, and my sight is probably more trained than yours. This affair has been placed in my hands, and I must be allowed to conduct it in my own way."

"Oh! certainly, Bing, certainly. We're all agreeable; we give you *carte blanche*," interposed Mr. Dinnaway.

"Then I will pursue my inquiries a little further. Miss Davenport has doubtless a strong affection for her brother?"

"She is extremely fond of him," said Reginald.

"But she is not greatly attached to her future husband I understand?"

"Attached!" exclaimed Reginald, warmly. "She detests the sight of him. Old Davenport is a scoundrel to force the match upon her."

"Ah! well. She is not yet Mrs. Van Blarcom, and perhaps she never may be—things turn out so strangely in this world. However, what I was about to ask is whether Miss Davenport has a companion—a lady companion, I mean—someone to read to her and drive out with her, and all that sort of thing, for so much a-year?"

"No; I am certain she has not."

"Well, we must find her one forthwith. We must let her into our secrets, and win her to our assistance; which will not be difficult, I apprehend. That portion of the business I shall confide to you, Mr. Gwynne. From what I can see you are best calculated to induce Miss Davenport to act with us, heart and soul. It will be my task to find a companion for her, who must enter upon her duties immediately."

"You choose a companion? Whom, may I ask?"

"This lady," said Bing, bowing to Kate, who rose, trembling, to her feet. "This brave, injured lady, will be willing to accept the position for a few days in order that she may enable us to strike at the root of the foul conspiracy which has attacked her husband's honor and liberty."

"I will do anything—anything!" cried Kate, stepping forward and grasping the detective imploringly by the hand. "I think I can see what you mean. You believe the plot against—against my husband has its origin in the household of Mr. Davenport itself."

"You have hit it, madam. That is exactly my conviction, and we must have someone there who is determined to hunt out the spiders that have woven the web."

"I am determined. You may trust me, Mr. Bing. I am determined."

"Madame, the task is a delicate one, but I have no fear for the result," said Bing, looking down approvingly upon the sweet, but firm and devoted woman who relied so confidently upon his aid without query or hesitation. "You will report to me every circumstance, however trivial, that come under your notice; and your notice will, I believe, embrace a wide scope. The field of observation will quickly be narrowed to the actions and conversation of some two or three individuals, I expect. In all these matters I shall give you clear instructions for your guidance! and, indeed, shall be always near you. You will never find me very far from the neighborhood of Davenport Lodge. Madam, I am certain that your short residence in that house will result in some curious discoveries. I have immense faith in your unfaltering and noble resolution to get at the bottom of this black mystery. If I may be permitted to coin a proverb appropriate to the subject I will say that love on the look-out has the eye of an eagle."

Mr. Bing was, as we have seen, a gallant man, and prided himself upon being able to say a neat thing on occasion. And he thought he had said a neat thing then. Perhaps he had.

At all events Mr. Dinnaway rubbed his hands and said—

"Good! very good! I like your style Bing, and I like your scheme. It is just what I should have proposed myself—precisely in every respect, I may say. But we must get Mrs.—hem! Mrs. Davenport introduced into her novel position at once. We have only a week before us, you know."

"We require no more," replied Bing. "It is a valuable week. The conspirators, whoever they may prove to be, will take frequent opportunities of conferring during the time; and that is exactly where our chance of catching them lies. Mr. Gwynne will now, perhaps, kindly start, and communicate our designs to Miss Davenport, who will doubtless suggest the means by which this lady may become an inmate of Davenport Lodge to-morrow."

"I anticipate no difficulty on that score," said Reginald. "The old gentleman never interferes in any way with the personal wishes of E——, of his daughter, when they do not clash with his own."

After some further conversation, Reginald departed on his mission, secretly delighted with that portion of the plan which would again bring him into intimate contact with the darling of his heart; and cherishing, with perhaps an unwarranted sense of hope, those inspiring words of the detective, "She is not yet Mrs. Van Blarcom."

Before the council finally broke up, Kate inquired of Bing—

"When I enter that household, tell me, what is the first thing to be done?"

"You are right, madam. The opening move is simple, but it requires to be indicated. Mr. Davenport has a secretary of the name of Checketts."

"Well?"

"Him you must observe carefully. Try and discover how he employs his spare time. Also, whether he is in the habit of meeting any persons privately; and if so, whom. This is most important. Watch the man well without exciting suspicion, and gather every scrap of information you can collect respecting his movements."

"I will be his shadow," replied Kate.

CHAPTER VI.

Love on the look-out has the eye of an eagle.

Kate was now an inmate of Davenport Lodge. Tender little Edith loved her brother far too dearly not to enter with eagerness into any arrangements having his dearest happiness for their object; and whatever little excuses she may have found it necessary to make in order to account for Kate's appearance as her friend and companion, must be left to the absolving tear of the recording angel; among others, the one that Kate was presented under the name of, a school-fellow of Edith's early girlhood—Miss Raymond.

[illegible] hours the young wife's sweet winning manners had secured the preliminary goodwill of everybody in the house with the exception of Mr. Checketts. That gentleman not unnaturally regarded the introduction of another "treasure" into what he facetiously called his own "preserves" with an eye of disfavor.

Edith, with all the favor of her clinging nature, almost immediately conceived an affection for her newly-found sister, whose burden of trouble was even more terrible than her own.

"You are so courageous—so hopeful," she said, "or the weight of these misfortunes must crush you. They would me. As it is I am scarcely able to bear the accumulation of evils with which I am being surrounded."

"It will not do for me nor for you either, dear Edith," answered Kate, "to give way to faint-heartedness or wringing of hands in the present dreadful emergency. Think—think of the danger that threatens my beloved husband, your own brother, wickedly torn from me in the first moments of our union by creatures who must, indeed, be the vilest upon earth; and say whether I could be otherwise than brave, and resolute, and undaunted in the efforts I make for his sake. Ah! Edith. I thought I knew what prayer meant before this; but I did not. Can you imagine what I feel now? It is as though my soul verily had arms raised in perpetual appeal to the Author of all strength, and He will surely grant me that which is requisite. I shall not fail. I have faith."

"And Lawrence—how does he bear this trial?"

"Nobly, as becomes a man conscious of his perfect innocence. He, too, has faith in Heaven and in me."

"You love him very, very much?" said Edith, wistfully.

"Dearer than life. My great affection was all I had to offer; but he gained it. It is his, and it shall not prove worthless to him."

"Oh! if I had but your brave nature," murmured Edith, as tears filled her eyes.

"My gentle sister!" exclaimed Kate, embracing her fondly. "I know your secret. Part I gathered from Lawrence, and the other I guessed. You love Reginald Gwynne; you are to be separated from him. You are unhappy."

"I am miserable," said Edith, utterly breaking down.

"There, there! little one, let me comfort you, for I can—I will."

"How—how?" cried the poor girl, wildly. "When I saw Reginald yesterday I loved him more than ever. He looked so sad, he spoke so kindly, he kissed me, and, oh! it was wrong, because he knows I am going to be forced into a hateful marriage against my will, and that my heart is breaking. It is broken already."

"Edith," said Kate, speaking with that calm accent of conviction which is as grateful to the agitated mind as is cooling water to feverish lips—"Edith, rely upon this—if I can help it—if Lawrence can help it—you shall not marry any but the man you love, and who loves you."

"Oh! if I could believe it."

"You must, you shall believe it. When Lawrence is free, as he will be in a few days, please God, what a debt of reparation will his father owe him! When Mr. Davenport finds out that he has been the victim of mistakes, or the tool of knaves, he will hardly be able to stand unabashed before the son he so nearly covered with hideous ruin. Money—fortune—shall not be accepted as a peace-offering. We can do without that. We were resigned to its loss ere we married. But your freedom, your happiness, shall be the only price of complete and unconditional reconciliation. And we shall purchase it—trust me, we shall purchase it easily."

"Kate—Kate, you almost make me hope."

"Hope on, then, my darling. There are bright days in store for you. You are not going to be sacrificed to your father's ambition, or to Mr. Gerald Van Blarcom's cupidity. You shall be the cherished little bride of Reginald Gwynne, as you deserve. Mind, I say so."

Thus did our dear Kate shoot a ray of joy into her trembling companion in grief. Is it not a splendid spirit that can find wings to rise superior to the depths of its own misery on purpose to cheer the desolation of a fellow sufferer?

There are better Samaritans even than the Good Samaritan, who, themselves having been robbed and beaten by thieves, pour the oil and the wine into the wounds of those luckless wayfarers still more helpless than they.

It is done every day in this world of weakness and error. Brothers, humanity moves upwards. Let us take courage.

There was a dreary dinner that day at Davenport Lodge. The viands were excellent [illegible]; but behind every chair an invisible [illegible] stood in stern attendance.

"Take some soup," said the spectre in waiting upon Mr. Davenport. And immediately [illegible] little appetite which that gentleman possessed disappeared, and the soup went away almost untouched.

"That fish is tempting," observed the demon at Kate's elbow; and half the portion she might have eaten was swallowed with difficulty.

"You'll like that," whispered the ghost who devoted himself to Edith, and the young lady turned pale and sickened at the dainty upon her plate.

Mr. Van Blarcom made a very poor repast. He seemed preoccupied, and gazed frequently at Kate with an expression which his face had never worn before.

Mr. Checketts alone contrived to do justice to the good fare. When his tormenting spirit said—"Try a small glass more, do now—be persuaded!" he smiled back [illegible] and replied—

"Thank you, I will," and he did.

In the drawing-room Mr. Davenport made a mighty effort to rebel against the authority of the skeletons which followed them thither. He tried one or two ghastly puns and the skeletons all laughed in chorus until he could imagine their ribs shaking with a sepulchral rattle. "Ah, ah! Good! Excellent! Let's have another!" they seemed to say. So he gave it up, and endeavored to talk "shop" with Mr. Van Blarcom, but the prospective Son-in-law was taciturn, and uttered nothing but random answers.

To be Continued.

A Paralyzed Bridegroom.

A recent despatch from Bethel, Ky., says: Two years ago Calvin Stowers, whose wife had been expected to die with pulmonary disease for several months, was called to her bedside to say farewell. She placed a small iron ring that she had ordered made for the purpose on the third finger of the left hand, and extorted an oath that he would never marry again. Then she died contentedly, saying that if he broke his word she would haunt and ruin his life. Recently he was married to Emma Brickel, a girl to whom he was engaged before his marriage, but they had disagreed. The ceremony was a private one, only a few friends witnessing the rites.

The bride took the ring from his finger, saying it was superstitious to regard a wish so selfish. Within two hours following the bridegroom's left side was paralyzed, strangely enough beginning in the finger that had worn the fatal ring. A charm-worker in the neighborhood declared that nothing would restore strength to the limbs but the wearing of the ring. This, it was discovered, could not be restored to its place, being much too small, whereas it had been before amply large.

The bridegroom is terror stricken, and has apparently lost interest in his young wife. Stowers is a frugal, intelligent farmer, well known and liked, as is also his wife, who is an industrious woman, respected for her good common sense.

Nitro-Glycerine.

Dr. M. H. Leskerstein, of Chicago, reports the remarkable effects of nitro-glycerine in resuscitating life. His patient was a woman, who sank rapidly and was apparently dead. Any action of the heart was imperceptible, the temperature of the body had fallen to 92 degrees F., and every indication of death was present. A solution of nitro-glycerine was administered hypodermically, when there was a gasp, followed by three others within a minute. During the second minute six respirations were noted, with a faint fluttering of the heart, but no wrist pulse was discernible. During the third minute eighteen respirations were evident and a feeble pulse. During the fourth minute the pulse rose to 180 and above, the face was flushed, the eyes rolled, the muscles slowly relaxed and the patient became comfortable.

Letting Well Enough Alone.

"Don't you want a new sign, 'Honesty is the best policy,' hung on the wall?" said a man who had such signs for sale to the grocer; "there's money in 'em."

"Nop, I guess not," replied the grocer; "I've been doin' business on this corner fer ten year in a stiddy, conservative sort o' way, an' I don't b'lieve in makin' any new-fangled departures."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 23, 1888.

THE Philadelphia *Times* celebrated its fourteenth anniversary on Tuesday of last week. Col. McClure has a right to be proud of the *Times* as a fearlessly independent, able and successful newspaper.

A JUDICIOUS revision of the present tariff is a better bulwark for its preservation than the unceasing cry that it must not be touched at all, for fear that if it is amended in any essential particular it will be destroyed.

THE National Committee of the Prohibition party has changed the date of the meeting of its National Convention at Indianapolis to May 30th—Decoration Day—instead of June, 6 the date which was origionally set for its meeting.

THE celebration of St. Patrick's day in Ireland was exceptionally quiet and orderly. The Irish people are determined not to be betrayed into doing anything which will give the Tory demagogues a chance to excite English prejudices by representing the Irish as rebellious.

JUDGE ARNOLD, of Philadelphia, in an elaborate opinion delivered on Monday last in a stated case, declared that the attempt to collect taxes on funiture, watches and pleasure carriages was clearly illegal, the act of Assembly of May 13, 1887, having abolished the tax and all means of collecting it.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was fifty-one years old on Sunday last, and is one of only six Presidents who have passed that date of their lives when holding their high office. The others were Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Grant and Arthur. When Cleveland was inaugurated he was the youngest who ever took the oath of office of President, being but two weeks over forty-eight yeras of age.

WILL the time ever arrive during the present century when Galusha A. Grow will not be found asking for some political preferment? He now wants to be a delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention. The men who will compose the Republican State Convention in the year 1900 will be called upon to vote for Galusha for some public positiin, provided he is then in the flesh.

ONE of the latest and most significant incidents in the political world is that the colored voters of Washington, in this State, organized a Cleveland and Tariff Reform Club last week and took steps to wage an aggressive campaign. About fifty names were enrolled and the list is expected to reach three times that number. Many of them are men of means and influence They declare that the time has come for their emancipation from political bondage to the Republican party.

THE friends of General Hancock, the gallant Pennsylvania soldier who was recently traduced on the floor of the United States Senate by John J. Ingalis, the Kansas wasp, as "an ally of the Confederacy," who have been active in their efforts to raise suficient money to purchase a home in Washington for Mrs. Hancock, have met with complete success. The house which is a large three story brown and white stone structure, will be formally presented to Mrs. Hancock about the first of April.

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, late the Republican Lieutenant Governor of New York, in an interview last week said: "I know that President Cleveland is strong with the business men of New York, the men with whom I am particularly thrown. Many Republicans, like myself, while differing from him on political grounds, admire him for his honesty, his integrity and the faithfulness with which he performs his duty as he conceives it. The opposition to him at the coming election will not be of a personal nature at all. It will be purely political."

IN the opinion of the Chicago *Daily News*, "a railroad President as a Presidential candidate would lose to the Republicans the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois." This has reference, of course, to Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central Railroad Company, who, in the estimation of certain Republican leaders who are trying to discover a man who can defeat Cleveland, would make a formidable candidate. The politics of the States named by the *News* are just now very shaky, and if Depew, who is Vanderbilt's representative, should be nominated, it wouldn't make any difference how New York voted, as the great North-west would make mincemeat out of such a candidate of the monopolists.

IN the lower branch of Congress on Monday last Mr. Wilkins, of Ohio, under instructions from the committee on banking and currency, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill authorizing the issue of fractional silver certificates. After a long debate the bill was passed—yeas, 178, nays, 67. The bill is as follows:

That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he hereby is, authorized and directed to issue silver certificates of the denominations of 25, 15 and 10 cents in such form and design as he may determine, such certificates to be received, to be redeemed, paid and reissued in the same manner as silver certificates of larger denominations, and to be exchangeable for silver certificates of other denominations, and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed to make such regulations as may seem to him proper for distributing and redeeming the denominations of silver certificates herein authorized. The amount of currency to be issued under the bill is limited to $15,000,000.

THAT veteran Democrat and pure public man, Judge Thurman, of Ohio, is always an interesting figure whether as in former days when he was in the United States Senate or last week, when as one of the counsel for the prosecution he addressed the jury in the Columbus, Ohio, court house, in what is widely known as "The tally sheet forgery cases," the defendants being Democra's and some of them active and prominent members of their party. Judge Thurman, who knows all about Ohio politics and Ohio politicians, believes that the defendants are guilty of the offense with which they stand charged, and so believing, he lent his powerful aid in assisting to convict them and thereby punish a ring of desperate and unscrupulous politicians who subordinated the purity of an election to the attainment of their own personal aims. At an early stage in the case Judge Thurman said: "I should be ashamed to call myself a Democrat, as you all know I am, if I let my politics shield a crime like this." His closing appeal to the jury on Wednesday of last week is said to have been one of the most powerful and eloquent efforts of his life, and was delivered to an immense audience that filled every foot of space in the court room. In his conclusion and in defense of his Democracy the "Old Roman" said:

"But I do honor this party to which I have belonged more than 60 years—for I began when I was a child; this party which has done so much for me and which I have consciencously believed in; which has its faults, as all parties have had; which has been wrong sometimes, as all parties have been wrong, but in which I have believed, to which my faith has been pledged, and has been kept. I do want that party in the going down of the sun of my life, when I shall look for the last time abroad on the earth—I do want to see that party still standing, still honored, and still deserving the good will and kindness and support of all honest men." Up to Wednesday morning the jury had not agaeed upon a verdict. The trial has occupied seven weeks.

THE Republican majority in the New Jersey Legislature about two weeks ago passed a high license-local option law over Governor Green's veto. They supposed at the time they went through this performance that the Prohibitionists would be so delighted with the measure that enough of them would vote the Republican ticket next November to defeat the Democrats in the State. General Clinton B. Fisk, of that State, who was the late Prohibition candidate for Governor, was in Philadelphia near the close of last week, and when asked what effect the high license-local option bill would have on the Prohibition vote in the State, he said: "I do not think it will have any effect on the Prohibition vote. While the Prohibition party is willing and anxious to work side by side with any party which will advance its cause, it will not be satisfied with anything short of Constitutional Prohibition. The party which will make that its platform can get the Prohibition vote. Our party is not for license, high or low, and I regard high license as a purely Republican measure There is no doubt the New Jersey Legislature was forced into the measure by the strength developed by the Prohibitionists; but so far as influencing the Prohibition vote is concerned it cannot and will not have the least effect upon it." "The Prohibition party in New Jersey," continued the General, "will poll anywhere from 25,000 to 50,000 votes at the next General election. Of this vote about sixty per cent. will come from the Republican party. The Prohibitionists of New Jersey are united to a man and have a well equipped and powerful organization."

The license court of Philadelphia which is composed of four of the Judges of that city, announced their decisions upon license applications in the seven lower wards on Monday last. In these seven wards there are now 1311 licensed houses and the number of applicants this year under the Brook's law was 727. Of this number 335 were granted, 368 refused, 9 withdrawn and 15 held over. In other words the number of licenses granted is *less* than the number rejected, and the number licensed for 1888—9 is only a fraction more than *one-fourth* the number now licensed under the old law. If the ratio of refusals in these seven wards holds good in the remaining wards it is believed that the number of saloons in the city will be reduced from between 5,000 and 6,000 to between 1,200 and 1,600. The action of the Judge's in refusing to license scores of the best known houses, has produced a tremendous excitement throughout the city and any amount of speculation is indulged in as to its future political effect, many predictions being made that it will completely revolutionize the large majority which is always rolled up in that Republican stronghold.

THE dishonesty of the Republican newspaper comments upon the Tariff bill now before the Committee on Ways and Means, says the Philadelphia *Record*, is only equaled by the insincerity of their assertion that any revision of the tariff would be disastrous to American manufacturers and American workmen, as well as fatal to a continuance of Democratic administration of the government. If they had the slightest belief in the truth of their own assertion they would welcome such an opportunity to regain Republican ascendency, and would openly advocate the passage of the proposed pill; for if their theory be correct their promised disasters would immediately be visited upon the whole country and the Democratic party would soon be buried in oblivion. Bah! They bleat, like bellwethers, to flocks of sheep.

THE lengthy editorial reply of Col. McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, to a letter addressed to him by Congressman William D. Kelly, will be found in another part of our paper and will repay a careful perusal. It is an exact and truthful arraignment of the obstructive tactics of Kelley and his fellow loud mouthed declaimers against what they call "Free trade."

Judge Kelley Rises to Explain.

As everything relating to tariff revision that comes from those presumably well informed and responsibly charged with legislation on the subject is of special interest at this time, we willingly give Judge Kelley the space he uses to furnish the best explanation that can be given of the do-nothing or obstructive attitude taken by his party and himself on the issue. Had there been a clear and satisfactory answer to the general complaint of the do-nothing policy of the Republicans on the question of tariff revision, Judge Kelley's letter would not have required one-tenth the space to explain; but with himself and his party obviously in conflict with their own solemn pledges to the nation and as obviously willing to sacrifice great business and industrial interests to a Bourbon party policy, there is of necessity so much of confession in the explanation that elaborate avoidance logically follows.

The following is the solemn pledge given to the nation by the Republican party and Judge Kelley in the National platform adopted by the Chicago Convention in 1884:

> 6. The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff and to reduce the surplus, not by the vicious and undiscriminating process of horizontal reduction, but by such methods as will relieve the tax-payer without injuring the laborer or the great productive interests of the country.

How has that pledge been respected? It is a proper question to address to Judge Kelley. He is the father of the House; he is the most experienced of all the present members of the body; he is famed throughout the country as among the best informed of our public men on the intricacies of the tariff; he saw the war taxes, both tariff and internal, imposed upon the people to save the government in its gravest peril; he aided in the enactment of the distinctly protective tariff of 1861; he knows better than any others that the present tariff duties on many articles in excess of the protective standard of 1861 are unwarranted and oppressive, and he is the one man who should be to the fore in the tariff revision and revenue reduction to which he and his party are so positively pledged. This is the fourth session of Congress in which Judge Kelley has served since he and his party gave that pledge, but as yet no measure of relief for the overtaxed industries of the country has been presented by him nor has any been suggested outside of a House speech for the galleries or the party, or a stump speech charging back upon his political opponents his own persistent neglect of the plainest public duty.

Judge Kelley was right in opposing tariff revision by "the vicious and undiscriminating horizontal reduction" proposed by Morrison, and the *Times* heartily sustained him in that action. He was right in opposing the second Morrison bill, and was as heartily supported in doing so by this journal. Morrison's tariff revision was "vicious" because "undiscriminating" and even Morrison himself could not tell whether revenues would be increased or diminished by many features of the measure. It was a haphazard attempt at mere political expediency, and Judge Kelley did well to oppose it, but did his plain duty to the country as the leader of protection in the House end with defeating unintelligible or otherwise objectionable bills? Certainly not. He is proclaimed as an expert in tariff statesmanship, and why has he continued as a studied do-nothing or obstructionist during four sessions of Congress after the pledge of the party and of himself was given for tariff revision and revenue reduction?

"But," answers Judge Kelley substantially, "the Democratic members of the Committee of Ways and Means are revolutionary in their action; they exclude me from their deliberations and withhold from me knowledge of their purposes and methods of procedure." Well, admitting the truth of the answer, how does that hinder Judge Kelley or Mr. Reed or any other or all the Republican members of the committee, from proposing a tariff and internal tax bill? Mr. Randall is not a member of the Ways and Means Committee; he has not been advised of the purposes or methods of the majority, but he has taken the manly way of meeting his duty by framing and presenting to the House the tariff and internal tax revision that he believes should be made. Why does not Judge Kelley, or Judge Kelley and Mr. Reed, who are to lead in the do-nothing or obstructive policy, do the same? They say that the Mills bill is wrong; they are in favor of the Randall bill only so far as it may serve to distract the Democrats; they will not vote to pass either, and thus, with their solemnly plighted faith to the country to aid in tariff revision and revenue reduction, they complain of all that others do to correct an admittedly unequal and oppressive revenue system and have neither the courage nor the honesty to propose anything better.

The *Times* is sincerely devoted to the positive protection of our general productive industries, and Judge Kelley professes to be the special champion of protected labor. He knows, as all intelligent business men know, that tariff revision is an imperious necessity in the interest of our manufacturers as well as in the interest of the people generally. He knows that the necessaries of life and the necessaries of our productive industries, require tariff revision to increase our labor and give increased prosperity to both labor and capital; and he certainly knows that any pretended protective duties which are now higher than Judge Kelley made them in 1861, must be excessive and oppressive; but every proposition to return from war taxes to Judge Kelley's own protective standard of 1861, when the need for high protection has been greatly lessened by a quarter of a century of mechanical advancement, is answered only by the cry of a free trade revolution. That cry answered a good partisan purpose when Judge Kelley and the world were a decade or a score of years younger; but only statesman who close their eyes to the progress of the age and the changed condition of commerce, industry and trade, now confess their inability to give reasons for their political faith or action, by denouncing tariff revision as free trade.

If Judge Kelly understands the tariff question as he ever assumes to understand it, and if nobody has presented tariff revision that meets the approval of his judgment, let him stop speech-making, personal explanations and letter-writing until he presents a tariff and revenue bill that he can defend. He and his party are pledged to it; let that pledge be honestly fulfilled. It is practically unimportant what Judge Kelley said or believed about internal tax or tariff revision in Congress in 1872 or in the Cooper Institute in 1881, but it is of vital importance what he has to say on the subject now, and of specialty vital importance that he shall first say it in a bill presented to Congress.—*Phila. Times.*

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

In Defense of Hancock's Memory.

Col. Finley Anderson, who was on Gen. Hancock's staff during the Civil War, has addressed the following open letter to Senator Ingalls, at Washington:

NEW YORK, March 12, 1888.

"*Hon. John J. Ingalls President pro tem United States Senate, Washington, D. C.:*

"SIR: I have just received a copy of the *Congressional Record* containing the official report of your recent speech, in which you not only insult the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, but attempt to dishonor the memory of both Hancock and McClellan by naming each of them as having been an 'ally of the Confederacy.' As a surviving member of General Hancock's staff, who shared with him the toils and the triumphs of the Civil War, and as a friend whom he honored with his confidence and affection to the end of his blameless life, I cannot bear in silence your brutal blows at my old commander. I must, therefore, as a soldier and a citizen protest against any utterance that implies an impeachment of his loyalty to his country.

"When the summer flowers bloom again on the graves of the heroic dead a quarter of a century will have passed since the battlefield of Gettysburg became the arena where the valor of the North and South alike illustrated the greatness of the American people and commanded the admiration of the world. The name of that peaceful Pennsylvania village, baptized anew with their mingled blood, was thus made immortal as the symbol of a National power equal to any on the earth. The crowning victory of that combat has proved, under Providence, as clearly as though we had heard the voice of God himself, that those principles of liberty and law and fraternity and union, in earnest devotion to which Hancock lived and died, are essential to the welfare of mankind. To this result, the highest human achievement of this century, Hancock contributed more than any other soldier in the field. When Reynolds fell on the morning of the first day it was Hancock whom Meade selected to take supreme command in front, with power to choose the ground where the great battle of the war should be fought out. It was Hancock who planted his colors on Cemetery Ridge, where he rallied our disordered troops and formed the lines of those historic heights, beyond which the rising tide of the rebellion never passed. It was Hancock who turned impending disaster into victory by the countercharge which saved the honor of the army on the evening of the second day. It was Hancock who repulsed that grand assault, the most brilliant in the annals of the war, when the flower of the Army of Northern Virginia withered and died before the fortitude of the Army of the Potomac in the final struggle of the third day. It was thus that Hancock won at Gettysburg a triple crown of glory.

"Naturally enough both Houses of Congress adopted a joint resolution to the effect that in addition to the thanks which had been voted to the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac 'for the skill and heroic valor which at Gettysburg repulsed, defeated and drove back, broken and dispirited, the veteran army of the Rebellion, the gratitude of the American people and the thanks of their representative in Congress are likewise due, and are hereby tendered, to Maj.-Gen. W. S. Hancock for his gallant, meritorious and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory.' In view of Hancock's constant and conspicuous service to his country for more than forty years, sealed as that service was by his own blood, and in view of his proverbial purity of character, it is amazing how any man could rise in the Senate chamber to defame his memory. But having the audacity to do so, the least that you now can do in reparation of this wrong alike to Hancock's memory and the patriotic sentiment of the country, is to rise again in the Senate chamber and make a full retraction and apology.

Respectfully yours,
"FINLEY ANDERSON."

Are They Free Traders?

The *Evening Telegraph*, one of the ablest Republican journals of this city and one of the most consistent and earnest of the Pennsylvania advocates of protection, demands the fulfilment of the pledge of the Republican party to give the country tariff revision and revenue reduction.

The *Evening Call*, another positive and aggressive Republican and protection journal, reminds Republicans in Congress that "the people are thinking" on the question of tariff revision, and that "no jugglery with the tariff will be tolerated." It plainly blurts out the truth when it says that "the tariff as now constituted, is for the benefit of the monopolists and the protection of trusts."

The Harrisburg *Telegraph*, Senator Cameron's home organ, and one of the Republican journals that have heretofore howled free trade at every demand for tariff revision, now declares that the Republicans must present a bill, because "there are inequalities and crudities in the present tariff which ought to be corrected."

These are only a few of the many utterances which come from the protection organs in Pennsylvania against the do-nothing or obstructive policy apparently accepted by Judge Kelley and his fellow-partisans. Are these Republican and hitherto pronounced protection journals now free traders? If so, why so?—if not, why not? Judge Kelly has the floor.—*Phila. Times.*

A Lesson in Wool.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Inquirer* has undertaken to explain to the *Record* "why the fact that manufacturers cannot make from American wool fine woolens equal to the finest French or German is not an argument in favor of free wool." We shall be delighted with instruction at the hands of our contemporary. But when it begins its teaching by saying.

> If our neighbor will study the records or make inquiry of the principal woolen merchants of this city and country it will learn that less than one-tenth of the woolen goods sold are of foreign manufacture or manufactured from foreign-grown wool.

we are much troubled. On consultation with the authorities referred to we find that the larger part of our woolen goods are made from foreign wool. For example, last year our manufacturers used of home grown wool 265,000,000 pounds, and imported 115,000,000 pounds of foreign-grown wool. During the same time 80,000,000 pounds of woolen goods were also imported in a finished or partly finished condition—equal to 320,000,000 pounds of raw wool. So we are using 435,000,000 pounds of domestic wools. We find it impossible, much as we desire to profit by the instruction of our contemporary, to reconcile its facts with our facts. Before we go any further it may be as well to unravel the matter. If the *Record* be wrong, the whole statistics of the wool trade will have to be revised.—*Phila. Record.*

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Several teeth of a mastodon were lately found near the Alafia River, in Florida. One of them weighs over seven pounds.

—The cost of the congratulatory messages sent to the Pope by cable is estimated to have been not less than $25,000, a little matter of jubilation for the cable companies.

—Slaveholders in Brazil are opposing the final extinction of slavery on the ground that it will be impossible to carry on coffee planting on a large scale if slavery is abolished.

—The official report that the number of persons drowned in the Yellow River inundations in China was more than 100,000, besides 1,800,000 made homeless and destitute, establishes the appalling extent of this horror.

—From four to twelve inches of snow fell Tuesday morning at Sherman and Gainesville, Texas, "and buried the spring flowers and fruit tree blossoms." The temperature, which was 74 degrees on Monday, fell to 34.

—A Syracuse burglar had been all through the house, and then sat down to rest a bit before going off with the swag. There was a carpet tack in the chair, and the yell he uttered awoke the people and he had to clear out.

—Some one has calculated that it takes 2,160 bees to fill a pint cup. Whoever said so is perfectly safe from contradiction. One healthy active bee alone has, on more than one occasion, been found sufficient to engage the whole attention of a numerous picnic party.

—The steamer Oceanic arrived from Hong Kong and Yokohama, at San Francisco, on last Saturday. The Chinese papers confirm the reports of a disastrous earthquake in the Provinces of Yunnan and Syechuen, but give few additional details. Several cities were destroyed and about 20,000 lives lost.

—Mr. C. O. D. Kelley, now living in San Francisco, is the sole survivor of Sam Houston's famous spy company in the Texan War of 1835. He carried the tidings of the massacre of the Alamo in 1836 to New Orleans, and from thence to New York. He was born in 1802, and is now in his 86th year.

—A Chattanooga cabinet maker happened to leave the door of his shop open for a few minutes, and a pugnacious Plymouth Rock rooster walked in. The fowl stepped up to a $50 mirror and began to fight with his own shadow. A clatter of breaking glass followed and the mirror was a complete wreck.

—George L. Came, of Alfred, Me., recently sold the largest pair of oxen that were ever owned in his town. They were very fat, handsomely matched, girth 8 feet 5 inches, and weighed 5000 pounds. Mr. Came owned them seventeen months, in which time they gained a foot each in measure and over 1300 pounds in weight.

—A dispatch from Winchester, O., says that last Thursday night a week an angry mob of farmers tarred and feathered two Mormon elders near Brier Ridge School House, where the elders have been for some time trying to hold proselyting meetings. After the ceremony the elders were chased to the Ohio river, which they crossed for safety.

—This is the tallest story that came from the West by the last mail. A Missouri man says he recently went into the woods, painted a black circle on the end of a log, and when he went back to the log an hour later he found 300 dead rabbits there, the animals having mistaken the circle for a hole in the log and dashed themselves to death against it.

—During the passage of a merchant vessel from Plymouth, England, to Groeningen, Zealand, recently, a pigeon fell exhausted on the bridge of the vessel. The Captain carefully fed and tended the bird, and it became quite at home. When the Captain landed on reaching port the bird flew near him wherever he went, and even entered a coffee-house with him. Nor did its gratitude wane, for it is still the Captain's constant companion.

—President Johnson was abused for the purchase of Alaska as much as Jefferson was when he bought Louisiana. The price paid was $7,000,000. The Alaska Commercial Company has already paid about $5,000,000 in seal rents for the islands of St. Paul and St. George, and the products of the Territory last year are officially stated, to have been: In furs, $2,500,000; gold, $1,350,000; fish, $3,000,000; lumber, etc. $100,000; total, $6,950,000.

—Wind-rolled snow-balls are often seen on the Dakota and Wycoming prairies. Sometimes millions upon millions of the balls are in sight at one time. Many are of the size of an orange, some as big as a cannon-ball, while others reach the proportions of the prize pumpkin of the county Fair. These freaks of the storm leave a person under the fanciful impression that great armies of school-boys have been battling over the snowy spaces.

—One day last week A. J. Welsh and Harry Richards, of North Bend, Pa., killed two bears and captured three alive. They were hunting on Younastown creek when their dog discovered the bears in the butt of a fallen tree. When the hunters approached the place the old mother bear had her head protruded from the entrance of the tree, when one of the hunters fired his rifle, the ball killing both the mother bear and one of hur cubs. Three cubs were captured alive. They were taken down to North Bend and sold.

—Rev. Father Accursius Beine, a member of the Order of St. Francis, and assistant priest at St. Boniface Church, Louisville, Ky., died Tuesday evening of last week at the Franciscan convent. About half an hour before his death he called his associates and desired the last sacrament to be administered. He would not accept it in bed. "No," said he, "let me kneel by the altar." Rising with difficulty from the death-bed he proceeded across the room, where bending before the cross, he was given the last spiritual comfort.

—Mr. Pridgins, an old peracher of High Shoals, Ga., has decided to preach his own funeral sermon, and has it set for the day, the second Sunday in April, and the place a little church a few miles this side of High Shoals. Mr. Pridgins has ordered his son to make him a coffin, which he directs must be perfectly plain and locked with a padlock. The coffin will be placed by his side in the church and there, in the presence of his friends and family, who are requested to wear mourning, he will tell of his life and pay suitable tribute to his own memory.

—The flower farms of the country around Nice yield as an average yearly crop 2,000 tons of orange flowers, 1,000 tons of roses, 150 tons of violets, as many of jessamine flowers and lesser quantities of other blossoms. The larger portion of the oil or attar of rose comes from the rose farms of Roumelio, in Turkey, and from Ghazipur, in India. It is reckoned that 200,000 rose blossoms are required to produce an amount of the attar equal in weight to a silver rupee—about 50 cents of our money—and worth $50 an ounce. Large quantities of the oil of orange peel and the oil of orange flowers, known as neroli, are made in Sicily. Much of the oils of peppermint, thyme, rosemary and lavender comes from Surrey, England, while in North Carolina large quantities of oil of sassafras are distilled, the business rising to the proportions of a considerable industry.

GO TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,
No. 113 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.,
FOR BRUSSELS, VELVET, WOOL AND RAG
CARPET, LINOLEUM, LACE CURTAINS
RUGS AND STAIR PADS. HEADQUARTERS
FOR DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

—At Mount Holley, S. C., Dr. Byrd and a party of hands were at work in the woods. While some of the men were chopping a log it suddenly began to move toward a creek, and the negroes fled in terror. As the log reached the creek and fell into it the source of its power of locomotion was revealed in a most astounding manner. Hundreds of hissing serpents leaped forth from their hiding place in the log, and darted forth in different directions in the water. The snakes were of the genuine water moccasin species, varying in length from that of a buggy spoke to a hoe handle. Dr. Byrd and others stood by watching the snakes depart, and their going consumed fully 30 minutes. Three of the negroes who fled when the log began to move have not since been heard from.

—The famous Stack O'Hara caseis at length settled after seventeen years of litigation. Father M. P. Stack, who was pastor of the Church of the Annunciation in Williamsport, was removed from his position in 1871 by Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton. Claiming that the removal was illegal and in opposition to the canons of the Church, Father Stack carried the matter into the Civil Courts. He was successful in the lower Courts, but on Bishop O'Hara's appeal the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania reversed the judgment. Father Stack recently made a three month's retreat at St. Bonaventure's College, Allegheny, N. Y., and then sent in to his Bishop an humble letter of submission and regret for his contumacy. Bishop O'Hara accepted the submission, restored the priest's faculties and then gave him letters dimmissorial, or an *exeat*, recommending him to the kind consideration of any right reverend Bishop who might be pleased to receive him into his diocese. It is understood that Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, Neb., will accept the services of Father Stack in the event of certain required conditions being fulfilled.

Picking Up Tigers by the Neck.

I once saw three young tigers, larger than Newfoundland dogs, loose on the deck of a British India steamer crowded with several hundred Mecca pilgrims. The cage in which they were confined was large and barred on each side, with a partition running along its middle, which had a drop door. The man who had charge of the animals would drive them over to one side of the cage, close the partition, and clean out the other side at his leisure; then, barring up the clean side, he would open the partition and drive the tigers back, while he went through the same performance on the other side. One morning he neglected to put up the bars on the side he had finished, and so drove the tigers out of the opposite side of the open cage. The animals on obtaining their liberty took different directions, and, crouching in the nearest corners, lay snarling and exposing their teeth, showing unmistakable signs of a most dangerous fear. That side of the deck was deserted, and the crowd gazed in interest at a respectful distance. Mr. Fleuse, the third officer, the second officer and the keeper each placed himself before a tiger, barring their exit should they attempt to move away. Fleuse inquired if the tigers had been fed that day. They had not; they had alway been fed on living fowls. Fleuse called for three chickens from the hen coop. Taking these he threw one in the face of each tiger. The chickens seemed simply motionless, glued to the spot, so instantaneous was the fixing of the teeth and claws. Fleuse then went deliberately up to a tiger, coolly took the loose skin of the back of the neck with one hand and the root of the tail with the other, and, putting out his full strength, dragged the heavy brute along the deck to the cage, and forced it through the open bars. The chicken diversion acted perfectly. The brute had no object but that of retaining its prey. It growled fearfully; its eyes blazed; its teeth crashed through the chicken; its unsheathed claws clasped and pierced its quivering body. Red-hot irons would hardly have made it loosen its grip of the bird. Then the keeper and the others helped Fleuse in carrying the remaining tigers into the cage.

A Wildcat's Jump.

"Thirty feet at a bound is no uncommon jump for a wildcat," says Sheriff John W. Hoffman, one of Pike county's greatest woodsmen and hunters, to a Milford (Pa). correspondent of the New York *Sun*. "I have measured a wildcat's jump that showed a clear space of thirty three feet between start and finish, and it was a standing jump at that; or, rather, it was a sitting jump, for the animal was crouching in the snow when it made the leap. I was hunting in the woods near Little Log Tavern Pond, and came on the track of this wildcat, which I followed a long distance in the snow. Suddenly the track ended in a spot where the animal had crouched. I looked around to see what had become of the trail, and two rods ahead of me saw a bunch of pheasant's feathers where the snow had been scattered about, and from that spot the track led on again. I understood at once that the wildcat had been hunting for his dinner and had discovered a pheasant wandering in the snow. The cat crept to within two rods of the unsuspecting bird, and, that being near enough to suit him, shot himself through the air and landed on top of the pheasant before the bird, as quick as pheasants are, could get out of his way.

"The track and blood marks of the pheasant on the snow were so fresh that I thought I might overtake the wildcat before he got in the swamp, and get a chance to put a ball through the marauder. I hurried ahead on the trail, and found that I was closer to the wildcat than I had suspected, for I overtook him before he had devoured his prey. Not more than half of the pheasant, which was a magnificent old cock, had passed down the catamount's gullet. The other half never passed down. I sent a rifle ball through the wildcat's heart, and he made another big bound. That one was right straight up in the air, and he fell back dead almost in his tracks. From the great length of the leap the animal had made when he captured his prey, I had expected to find him a young and healthy cat. I was, consequently, greatly surprised when I examined my game to discover that it was a very old wildcat, poor and lank, and almost toothless. The animal's hunger had undoubtedly spurred him to the immense two rod leap. If not, and the jump was an evidence of what a superannuated wildcat could naturally do, it wouldn't surprise me to know that a young and active catamount could clear a hundred feet at a bound with the greatest ease."

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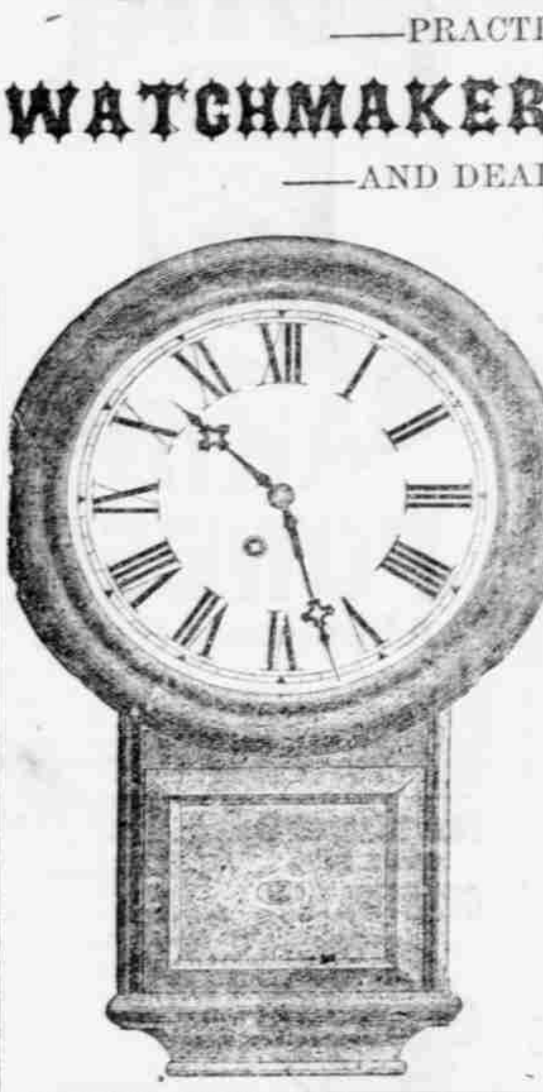
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—



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WATCHES.
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LARGE SELECTION of ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.
My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
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DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold and a
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Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

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to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age.
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Penn'a Agri'l Works.
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WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

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WANTED
To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y. Dec. 9, 4t.

1794. 1883.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
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T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 24, 1882.

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EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on Centre street.

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EBENSBURG, PA.
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FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY Ore Pans, Boiler and Sheet-Iron Work. Second-hand engines and boilers on hand. Hoisting engines and machinery a specialty.—THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. (Jan. 22.-'86.)

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FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.
Board and Tuition
for the Scholastic Year, $200.
March 26th, 1886. tf.

KENTUCKY
MULES.

The only firm in Penn'a who make a speciality of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co., 57 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
Correspondence solicited.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 23, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Burglars are operating in Johnstown and Altoona.

—Ex-Prothonotary B. McColgan was in town on Thursday.

—Mr. John T. Long, of Summerhill, was in town on Monday.

—A telephone line between Ebensburg and Johnstown is talked of.

—The Prohibition town of Latrobe consumes 300 kegs of beer a week.

—Postmaster Baumer, of Johnstown, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Mr. Joseph Rhoddy, of Coalport, Clearfield county, was in town on Wednesday.

—The first thunder of the season was heard in this place on Wednesday morning.

—A number of people in Ebensburg are trying to ruin the Louisiana Lottery Co. by investing in tickets.

—Mrs. H. A. McPike, wife of the senior editor of the Altoona *Times*, is visiting friends in this place.

—The court at Huntingdon on Monday last refused all applications for license, and after May 1st. the county will be dry.

—James Burns, who was struck by an engine at Gallitzin on last Saturday a week ago, died at the Altoona hospital on Wednesday.

—Mr. Thomas J. Williams sold a half lot of ground on High street this place the other day, to Mr. H. A. Englehart, for the sum of $450.

—Mr. Theodore Sell, Lilly's popular brewer, and Mr. Gebhart Bender, a jolly good citizen of the same place dropped in to see us on Wednesday.

—Mr. Thomas Plunket, of Tunnelhill, was a visitor to our town on Tuesday. We were glad to see him out again after his long illness from inflamatory rheumatism.

—The "Mikado" Company of this place was fully organized on last Tuesday evening. Miss Flora Driggs will preside at the piano and Mr. H. H. Myers will manage the company.

—Mr. Joseph Leckey, an old citizen of Portage, died on Tuesday evening of last week. Mr. Leckey was a native of Italy and was a resident of Ebensburg about fifty years ago.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have changed the agency at Summerhill, to a passenger and first class freight, and Mr. F. P. Moyer, of Cresson, has been appointed agent.

—Messrs. Johnston, Buck & Co., bankers of this place, will in a short time establish a branch of their banking institution at Carrolltown, with Mr. Thomas A. Sharbaugh as cashier.

—$10,000 is the price paid for a new and thrilling story by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The new story begins in *Pittsburg Dispatch* next Sunday, March 25th.

—Mr. John Ansman, of Allegheny township, will dispose of a large lot of live stock, farming implements, and farm produce, at his residence at the old Loretto Springs, on Saturday, March 31st, at 10 o'clock A. M.

—Preparations are being made for an interesting teachers' local institute to be held in School Building, Saturday afternoon and evening. Evening session will open about half-past seven. Everybody is invited.

—Solomon Gindlesperger, from Upper Yoder township, who has been an inmate of the Almshouse for the past six months, died at that institution on last Friday night. His remains were interred in the Almshouse cemetery.

—Liquor receipts are not falling off at the railroad station. It is a cold day when from three to a dozen packages are not received from Pittsburg, Johnstown, and other points, addressed to individuals.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—Mr. John Long, of Ebensburg, in this weeks issue is announced as a candidate for Poor Director. Mr. Long has always been a tried and true Democrat, is well qualified to perform the duties of the office, and if nominated and elected would serve the people with credit.

—The publication of the Jury list and a large amount of advertising, have crowded out a lot of local matter from our columns, among the rest a letter from our Lilly correspondent and one from Belsano. The report of the Ebensburg schools will also have to go over until next week.

—On Monday morning about one o'clock, fire was discovered in the bar-room of the hotel of Mrs. Julia Binder, in Carrolltown. The alarm was given and the whole town turned out and in a short time the flames were extinguished. The loss is estimated at about two hundred dollars and the origin of the fire is unknown.

—The following named persons can each obtain a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post office: Miss Maggie L. Jones, Miss Susan Doomer, Mr. John Williams, Mr. S. H. Chetick, Mr. John Endler, Mr. Thomas W. Burns, Mr. William L. Coffey. Persons applying for these letters will please state they were advertised.

—The Mail train from the east on the Pennsylvania Railroad Monday afternoon killed a Hungarian on the Juniata River bridge below Mt. Union. The man was crossing the bridge, and, noticing the approach of the train, became bewildered, and in his excitement rushed in front of the engine. He was badly cut up.

—Eddie Montgomery, aged nine years, was locked up in a room at his home in Altoona on Tuesday for playing truant from school. He took a pistol out of a bureau drawer in the room and sent a ball into his head. He was taken to the hospital. His death is expected. The members of the Montgomery family claim the shooting was accidental.

—Frank S. Davidson, supported by a carefully selected company, will entertain the people of Ebensburg and vicinity in the Opera House, this (Friday) night, in the latest musical comedy "Hans, the German Detective." From the comments noted in the press elsewhere, the performance is far above the average and is well worth seeing. Reserved seats for sale at James' drug store.

—Lewis M. Loomis has been committed to jail at Harrisburg for swindling T. H. Heist, proprietor of the Bolton Hotel, last September. Loomis represented that he was the owner of large tracts of land in Virginia, and that he was President of a large corporation in that State which had a very valuable charter. He also claimed to have valuable real estate in Philadelphia. After he had won the confidence of Mr. Heist, he asked him to indorse a note for $300 in order that Loomis might pay certain expenses necessary to obtain full possession of the indicated real estate. Mr. Heist indorsed the note, and Loomis, in consideration, transferred one eighth interest in his alleged Philadelphia real estate as collateral. Heist soon found out that Loomis had no property in Philadelphia, and he was arrested in Connecticut.

TERRA COTTA and MAHOGANY.

Gable & Co. invite you to visit their store, 1402 Eleventh avenue, Aloona, to see the many Beautiful Lines of Dress Goods in all the New Spring Shades, including the now popular Terra Cotta and Mahogany. Their new goods range in quality from 10c. to $1.25 and every piece is extra good value.

1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE 1402

—Bargains, bargains at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa. The following lines of goods will be closed out at actual cost for spot cash or good marketable produce until April 1st: All kinds of dress goods, flannels, woolens, ladies,' misses and children's shoes, also men's and boy's boots, shoes, hats, caps and clothing. Flour, $4.50 and $5 per barrel; best A No. 1 salt, $1.25 per barrel. All other goods at equally low prices for spot cash or trade.

'Squire Miller Explains.

In last week's Altoona *Sunday Graphic-News*, Joseph Miller, Esq., of Wilmore, has a letter in reference to the item which that paper had concerning him in its issue of the previous week, in which he was referred to as the intimate friend of Rev. Demetrius Gallitzin, prince and priest. The 'Squire says in explanation:

The Prince did not cross the ocean twice, only once. He took the ship at Rotterdam, August 18, 1792, with his friend and companion, Felix Brosius, and arrived at Baltimore October 28. As to the watch, which is so highly esteemed by me, it was not presented to me directly by him, but passed through a number of persons and some forty-five years ago came in possession of the O'Neil family—a family of no little notoriety.

The elder O'Neil was engaged in the transportation business on the old Portage Railroad; also, railroad and canal contractor. His son, John C., was appointed Consul to Belfast, about the year 1854, by President Pierce, and afterward, in 1858, was appointed to a prominent position in one of our Territories by His Excellency, James Buchanan, which appointment he declined to accept. The watch passed to me some thirty years ago from the hands of Charles O'Neil, the uncle of John C. O'Neil. Charles was the brother-in-law of His Honor, Judge Shannon, and a railroad contractor. The O'Neil's have many years ago followed the venerable Prince to the unknown world.

I might here add that the two lots of ground in Wilmore, on which I now make my home, were a part of the Prince's estate, being deeded to him by Bernard Wilmore, then by his executors—Henry G. McGuire, Michael Levi, and William Todd—to Godfrey Settlemyer, and by Godfrey Settlemyer's executors to me, and to whom they will next descend the near future will reveal.

Note by the Editor. The watch referred to was once the property of the late Michael Dan Magehan, Esq., of this place, who purchased it at the Executor's sale of Dr. Gallitzin's personal property.

Spelling Contest.

The spelling contest for the Coopersdale Academy prizes and others offered, which was announced for the latter part of March, will be held on the first Saturday of April at Ebensburg and Coopersdale at 10:30 A. M. At Ebensburg in the public school building and at Coopersdale in the Academy Hall. Not only contestants, but also all persons interested in the educational matters of the county are requested to be present at one or other of the above named places. The contest will be in writing and 100 words will be pronounced. Let all pupils be encouraged to come to the contest even if they do not feel sufficiently qualified to be successful. It will do them good. The citizens of Coopersdale and Ebensburg will furnish a free dinner to all contestants and visitors attending the contest there. Prof. Freeman will be present at one of the contests.

Ten Days at the National Capital.

In order that every one may have an opportunity of visiting Washington, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a third and the last special excursion to Washington on Thursday, March 29th, 1888. The round-trip tickets will be operative for ten days, a period of time ample for a thorough visit to the capital with its hundreds of interesting scenes and places. The public buildings are a source of the greatest interest, while Congress, the courts, the Government institutions, and the prominent places in the vicinity, serve to fill the measure of pleasure.

In addition to these, Richmond and Mount Vernon may be visited on low rate tickets which will be sold to the excursionists. The special train of Pullman Parlor Cars and day coaches will leave at the time specified below, and round-trip tickets, allowing a stop-over in Baltimore on return trip, good for ten days, to be used going only on special train and returning by any regular train except the New York and Chicago Limited, will be sold from the stations mentioned at the rates quoted:—

	Rate.	Train Leaves.
Johnstown	$6 50	10:13 A. M.
Cresson	6 50	11:02 "
Altoona	6 50	11:50 "

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Mar. 21st, 1888:

John A. Shaffer and Emma H. Hildebrand, Johnstown.

James Myers and Annie Sharp, Johnstown.

William A. Sheeler and Emma A. Dangus, Johnstown.

John Axmacher, Johnstown and Wilhelmina Shepeler, Conemaugh.

Jonathan L. Plouse, Susquehanna township and Clara E. McKee, Burnside township, Clearfield Co., Pa.

James Mackel, South Fork and Amelia Hildebrand, Summerhill.

Thomas A. Stophel, Johnstown and Ella M. Seibert, Berks Co., Pa.

John C. Sweeney and Nannie Wilkins, Indiana Co., Pa.

Earl C. Hollester, New York, N. Y., and Clara Humphreys, Conemaugh.

Elmer L. Henderson, Johnstown and Millie M. Rhodes, Indiana Co., Pa.

Sebastian Goekley, Lancaster Co., Pa., and Tillie M. Orms, Johnstown.

Died.

LYNCH.—Died at his home in Summerhill township, on Tuesday, March 20th, 1888, Mr. Edward Lynch, aged about 50 years.

YOST.—Died at his home in Carroll township, on Wednesday, March 21st., 1888, Mr. James Yost, aged about 70 years.

ANSMAN.—Died at her home in Allegheny township, on Monday, March 12th., 1888, Mrs. ——— Ansman, wife of John Ansman, aged about thirty-eight years.

HUNT.—Died at the residence of her father in Jackson township on Saturday, March 4th, 1888, Elsie, daughter of Cornelius and the late Lucy Hunt, aged 14 years, 3 months and 29 days.

The deceased with three of her sisters were stricken with that dread disease diptheria, which in her case proved fatal. Her sisters are recovering. She was a daughter of Mrs. Lucy Hunt, only daughter of Mr. John Singer, of Jackson township, and a sister of James M. Singer, Esq., formerly a resident of this place.

Licenses Granted.

On Monday last court met for the purpose of hearing the applications for license. There were 233 petitions, of which 221 were granted license, one refused, one withdrawn and ten held over.

The following were held over: Joseph Miller, Ashville; D. C. Burk, Arnold Lentz, Schettig & Snyder, and Max. Stehle, Gallitzin; James Lang, Lloydsville; Thomas Keelan and Charles N. Crouse, of South Fork; Mrs. Catharine Ream and George W. Penrod, of Grubbtown. Jacob Hartman, 5th ward, Johnstown, was refused, and Charles Drass, of Gallitzin, withdrew his petition.

LIST OF JURORS.

The following is the List of Grand and Traverse Jurors drawn March 19th, 1888, to serve for June Term 1888:

TRAVERSE JURORS—SPECIAL TERM.

Binger, Fred., miner, Gallitzin.
Blough, John S., farmer Richland.
Crofford, William A., clerk, Johnstown.
Custer, John, laborer, Millville.
Davis, Daniel J., farmer, Cambria twp.
Davis, Philip, miner, Jackson.
Dimond, W. H., miner, Croyle.
Eckenrode, Albert, grocer, Washington.
Edwards, E. L., grocer, Johnstown.
Flick, William, cabinet-maker, Johnstown.
Fox, Joseph, huckster, Carrolltown.
Fry, Edward, farmer, Allegheny.
Griffith, Evan, butcher, Lilly's.
Gull, Alex. M., blacksmith, Johnstown.
Hannan, John, foreman, Johnstown.
Harshberger, G. M., merchant, Johnstown.
Helsel, Josiah, farmer, Adams.
Holland, Joseph G., farmer, Reade.
Haug, J. J., merchant, Carrolltown.
Hogue, Joseph, farmer, Allegheny.
Huey, William, miner, Tunnelhill.
Jones, William, wiredrawer, Conemaugh bor.
Koontz, Charles N., laborer Stonycreek.
Lantzy, John, carpenter, Susquehanna.
Lewis, Thomas D., farmer, Cambria twp.
Link, Lewis C., carpenter, Lower Yoder.
Long, J. F., foreman, Cambria twp.
Luther, D. A., farmer, Carroll.
Mills, David, gentleman, Gallitzin.
Myers, George, miner, Croyle.
Settlemire, Frank, watchmaker, Conemaugh bor.
Stephens, Thomas J., J. P., Gallitzin.
Walters, Daniel laborer, East Taylor.
Weakland, Isaac J., farmer, Carroll.
Wharton, C. D., merchant Chest Springs.
Young, Simon, butcher, Johnstown.

GRAND JURORS.

Beck, Andrew, laborer, Conemaugh bor. 2nd w.
Hearer, Joseph, farmer, Carroll twp.
Bosler, Isaiah, mill hand, Johnstown bor. 3rd w.
Bradley, Thomas, miner, Washington twp.
Brawley, Alexander, farmer, Barr twp.
Bryan, David R., mill hand, Johnstown bor. 1st w.
Costlow, James, farmer, Adams twp.
Englehart, Frederick, laborer, Conemaugh bor. 1st w.
Fisher, Peter H., merchant, Johnstown bor. 5th w.
Haid, F. X., farmer, Allegheny twp.
Howells, John, carpenter, Ebensburg E. w.
Hudson, Henry, engineer, Conemaugh bor. 1st w.
Kelly, M. F., clerk, Gallitzin bor.
Lehman, Charles, laborer, Johnstown bor. 6th w.
Lehman, Zach, laborer, Johnstown bor. 6th w.
Newman, John, laborer, Cambria bor 1st w.
Pritch, George, mason, Washington twp.
Ream, Peter R., fireman, Johnstown bor. 7th w.
Ream, Silas, laborer, Franklin bor.
Snowden, William, engineer, E. Conemaugh bor.
Stackhouse, Alexander, Treasurer, Lower Yoder twp.
Wicks, Joseph H., Jr., barber, Croyle twp.
Will, E. C., moulder, Coopersdale bor.
Wright, Edward, engineer, Franklin bor.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Alwine, Jere., laborer, Stonycreek.
Baker, Francis W., farmer, Susquehanna.
Bantley, Gottleib, agent, Johnstown.
Buck, A. W., banker, Ebensburg.
Clinefelter, Emanuel, farmer, Jackson.
Couthren, James, merchant, Croyle.
Custer, David S., carpenter, Millville.
Daley, James, stocker, Conemaugh bor.
Eck, P. L., merchant, Carrolltown.
Eckenrode, Andrew, merchant, Carrolltown.
Fleming, William, farmer, White.
Ford, George W., laborer, Conemaugh twp.
Frederick, George L., sadler, Ebensburg.
Gates, Henry, blacksmith, Lower Yoder.
Harshberger, Jonas, laborer, Richland.
Hite, James C., laborer, Johnstown.
Horner, Cyrus, farmer, Adams.
Hoerle, F. C., printer, Johnstown.
Hoover, Thomas, farmer, Cambria twp.
Hughes, John M., farmer, Cambria twp.
Itel, F. H., farmer, Allegheny.
Itel, James, laborer, Portage.
Kinkead, George A., agent, Ebensburg.
Kirkpatrick, Arch., farmer, Elder.
Kline, Frank A., mason, Barr.
Lamer, John H., farmer, Susquehanna.
Litz, John, blacksmith, Johnstown.
McGary, S. H., teacher, Lower Yoder.
Miller, Peter, carpenter, Johnstown.
Miller, Fred., laborer, Conemaugh twp.
Millhouser George, tinner, Johnstown.
Noel, John, farmer, Munster.
Oldham, W. F., laborer, Stonycreek.
Reighard, R. A., contractor, Johnstown.
Roberts, I. E., agent, Johnstown.
Ricketts, John, farmer, Reade.
Sander, Philip, farmer, Munster.
Sander, Edward, laborer, Gallitzin.
Scanlan, James C., farmer, Cambria.
Sharp, George H., farmer, Munster.
Slick, W. J., surveyor, Johnstown.
Swank, N. B., merchant, Johnstown.
Swank, Jacob, merchant, Johnstown.
Teeter, John J., farmer, West Taylor.
Thomas, Valentine, blacksmith, Carrolltown.
Wilson, M. C., laborer, Lower Yoder.
Wingard, Levi, farmer, Richland.
Wiss, Lewis, farmer, Croyle.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Adams, J. D., farmer, Jackson.
Adams, William, engineer, Franklin.
Biter, John, farmer, Munster.
Brawley, James, blacksmith, Washington.
Brown, Milton, clerk, Conemaugh Bor.
Campbell Henry, farmer, Blacklick.
Cole, P. H., laborer, Lower Yoder.
Cunningham, John, merchant, Cambria Bor.
Delozier, Francis, farmer, Clearfield.
Donmyer, Isaiah, farmer, Richland.
Dunegan, E. R., merchant, Clearfield.
Farren, John C., farmer, Cambria Twp.
Farrel, Thomas, Miller, Conemaugh Bor.
Foust, John, farmer, Richland.
Ger, Samuel, farmer, Richland.
Hess, William, laborer, Lower Yoder.
Hopple, Henry J., farmer, Barr.
Hughes, Thomas W., farmer, Munster.
James, Emanuel, livery, Johnstown.
Keating, Michael, hotel, Cambria Bor.
Keim, M. W., banker, Johnstown.
Kile, Jacob S., farmer, Portage.
Kimberland, John, teamster, Conemaugh Bor.
Kaylor, James J., farmer, Allegheny.
Knorr, William, tanner, Cambria Twp.
Leahy, Thomas, foreman, Lilly's.
Lehman, Henry W., farmer, Richland.
Lenhart, Samuel J., sadler Johnstown.
Lintenfelter, George, miller, Conemaugh Bor.
Marlow, Fred., car inspector, Franklin.
McConnell, Thomas, engineer, Woodvale.
Moran, Peter, farmer, Allegheny.
Myers, B. F., carpenter, Reade.
Myers, Andrew, blacksmith, Cambria Bor.
Plunket, Richard, laborer, Tunnelhill.
Parks, William, merchant, Johnstown.
Rager, Henry J., farmer, Jackson.
Rager, Isaac N., laborer, Lower Yoder.
Ramsey, Charles, engineer, Johnstown.
Reigh, Vincent, farmer, Carroll.
Ryan, James, farmer, Clearfield.
Short, Enoch, farmer, Cambria Twp.
Thomas, Jacob, farmer, Elder.
Van Ormer, Banks, laborer, Reade.
Nan Ormer, S., carpenter, Reade.
Vonalt, John, barber, Johnstown.
Wissinger, John, farmer, Jackson.
Zane, Jacob, foreman, East Conemaugh.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT WITH THE SUPERVISORS OF CHEST TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 12, 1888.

CHARLES GILL, SUPERVISOR, DR.

To am't of duplicate	$191 26
Due township from last year	28 99
By taxes transferred	14 52
Received from Jacob Warner	10 00
For use of scoop	1 00
Order to balance account	114 16
	$359 93

CR.

By am't of work done on roads	$271 48
Personal services 47½ days @ $1.50	71 25
Paid for plank	6 50
Paid for plow points	1 75
Paid for repairing tools, etc.	1 65
Lands returned	2 30
Exonerations	5 00
	$359 93

JACOB WARNER, SUPERVISOR, DR.

To am't of duplicate	$236 64
Cash from last year	139 38
Order to balance account	1 58
	$377 60

CR.

By am't of work on roads	$250 94
Paid Charles Gill	10 00
Taxes transferred	14 52
Paid for plank and dynamite, etc	12 26
Orders redeemed	29 50
Lands returned	5 00
Exonerations	1 76
Personal services 35½ days @ $1.50	53 62
	$377 60

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders	$
John G. Gill for blacksmithing	3 25
John Nedimyer for auditing accounts	1 50
Henry Leiden " "	1 50
Jacob Warner for personal services	1 58
Joseph Hipps for services as clerk	7 50
Charles Gill for personal service and work done	114 16
	$129 49

We, the undersigned auditors of Chest township do certify that the forgoing is a true and correct statement.

JOHN NEDIMYER, } Auditors.
HENRY LEIDEN, }
Attest, JOSEPH HIPPS, Clerk.

Assignee's Sale
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

By virtue of orders of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale on the premises, in Read township at Shirley Station on the Cresson & Clearfield Rail Road, Cambria county, Pa., on

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, '88

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, and designated by the numbers heretofore mentioned on plan of lots laid out by Joseph Van Ormer in the

TOWN OF CORA.

Lot No. 21 and 22, each fronting 50 feet on Main street and extending at right angels 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 23 and 26 each fronting 50 feet on Main street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 28 and 29, each fronting 50 feet on Main street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 30 and 31, each fronting 50 feet on Main street and extending back at right angles 150 ft. to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No 42 and 43, each fronting 50 feet on Walnut street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 45 and 46, each fronting 50 feet on Walnut street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 63 and 64, each fronting 50 feet on Coal street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 66 and 67, each fronting 50 feet on Coal street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 81 and 82, each fronting 50 feet on Wood street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and outhouses.

Lots No. 85 and 86, each fronting 50 feet on Walnut street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

The above are very desirable properties, well drained, close to Shirley Station on the Cresson & Clearfield Rail Road, also on the road from Coalport to Altoona, and near the road from Fiske to Glasgow in the very centre of coal, coke and lumber industries; coal mines are being opened within a short distance from the town.

A new school house is in the town and it is the only good site for a town for miles on the Cresson & Clerfield Rail Road, good water, well and open springs.

☞TERMS OF SALE: Two per cent. of purchase money at the time the property is sold, the balance of one third of purchase money on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments thereafter, with interest, to be secured by bond or mortgage executed by the purchaser.

A. L. MORROW,
Assignee of Frederick Jaekel.
Hollidaysburg, March 23, 1888.

STATEMENT OF AUDITOR'S SETTLEMENT WITH SUPERVISORS OF SUMMERHILL TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 5, 1888.

SAMUEL P. PAUL, SUPERVISOR, DR.

WORK DUPLICATE.

Work duplicate	$
To tax for 1885 not worked out	27 53
To am't work duplicate for 1887	250 74
	$278 27

CR.

By am't returned to County Com's	$ 5 50
By am't exonerated by auditors	1 69
By am't worked out on roads	247 01
By am't charged to new account	24 67
	$278 27

CASH DUPLICATE.

DR.

To am't duplicate	$125 23
	$125 23

CR.

By am't returned to Co. Com's	$ 2 78
By am't paid G. W. Settlemyer for plank	11 86
By am't order No. 10, J. H. Dimond, aud'r	6 00
By am't order No. 7, J. G. Hasson, for publishing statement	2 00
By am't order No. 6, G. T. Swank for publishing statement	2 00
By am't order No. 8, J. McCormick, twp. clerk	10 00
By am't paid for plow points	58
By am't bal. on order No. 3, 1882, O. W. Roberts	67
By. am't order No. 1, 1881, Thos. Doron, twp clerk	4 00
By am't 25½ days services as supervisor @ $1.50 per day	38 25
By am't 1 day settling with auditors	1 50
By am't 5 per cent. on $122.48	6 12
By am't paid Geo. Settlemyer ex'r on order No. 1, 1886	20 00
	$125 23

JOHN ROEHM, SUPERVISOR, DR.

WORK DUPLICATE.

To am't assumed from 1886	$ 41 02
To am't of work duplicate for 1887	329 54
	$370 56

CR.

By am't work tax returned to Co. Com	$ 69 27
By exonerations by auditors	5 34
By work on road to Kings cabin	31 47
By mistake of Supervisor in taxes	7 40
By am't worked out on other roads	241 53
	$355 11

DR.

CASH DUPLICATE.

To cash not accounted for last year	$ 43 02
To am't cash duplicate for 1887	164 56
	$207 58

CR.

By receipt of O. S. Frazer, for work	$ 11 60
By receipt of Silas Rerm for work	10 50
By receipt of G. W. Sherbine for work	3 47
By receipt of John Wright for work	2 00
By order No. 4, John Wright	9 75
By receipt of J. Hahn for work	2 34
By re'pt of J. L. Knepper's ex'r, for stone	3 36
By re'pt " " " "	3 12
By receipt of Wm. Kilhilian for stone	14 00
By credit on order No. 9, P. Burtnett	4 40
By receipt of Chas. Roehm, for stone	2 00
By receipt of J. A. Brookbank for work	1 80
By receipt of A. Reich, 2 days work	2 60
By receipt of P. Comey for work	1 30
By am't paid J. Neff for 487 ft. timber	4 87
By am't paid Michael Neff	1 07
By amt' paid A. Oberasher for dressing stone 4½ days @ $1.50	6 75
By am't 39 days services as sup'r @$1.50	58 50
By am't 1 day settling with auditors	1 50
By 7½ days work with team and boys	31 04
By blacksmith bill J. Roehm	2 60
By 4 handles for hammers	66
By 1 hammer	1 00
By 1 day returning tax to Co. Comr's	3 00
By am't exonerated by auditors	2 66
By am't returned to Co. Comr's	33 43
By am't 5 per cent. on $131 13	6 55
By am't 2 per cent. on $84.85	1 69
	$227 56

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

By am't due by Shorthill	$ 62 00
To order No. 1, 1886 Geo. Settlemyer	83 77
By credit on same	51 00
To order to G. W. Settlemyer Mar. 13 '86	15 50
To order to G. W. Settlemyer '87 for plank	22 66
To order to J. C. Moorhead, '87	4 82
To bal. due on order 1887, P. Burtnett	7 60
To order to Jacob J. Weaver over work and damages	7 60
To am't not ascertained due J. & H. A. Shoemaker	5 42

We, the undersigned auditors of Summerhill township have examined the above accounts and find them to be correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

GEO. W. SETTLEMYER, }
JOS. A. WRIGHT, } Auditors.
JESSE H. DIMOND, }
Attest, JOHN McCORMICK, Clerk.
Summerhill twp., Mar. 20, 1888.

ARGUMENT LIST.

ARGUMENT COURT, April 2, 1888.

McCullough	vs.	Ivory.
Wills	vs.	Meredith.
McCloskey	vs.	Gillespie.
Hunt	vs.	Bader.
Garman	vs.	Notley.
Carney	vs.	McHade, et. al.
Helms	vs.	Notley.
Banan	vs.	Myers.
Rule on John B. Murphy, assignee		
Rule on James B. O'Connor, assignee.		
Exceptions to report of T. F. Zimmerman, Auditor, Keim asst.		
Brindle	vs.	Seese.
Road in Clearfield twp., and exceptions.		
Exceptions to Cambria Alley in Johnstown.		
Peters et. al.	vs.	O'Connor, assignee.
Fleck	vs.	Stoltz.
Lamborn	vs.	Gallagher.
Road in Clearfield twp. and exceptions.		
Road in White twp. and exceptions.		
Rule on Geo. W. Stutzman, assignee of Cook et. al.		
Hopple	vs.	Boland.
Miller	vs.	Jenkins.
Haws	vs.	Haws.
Boring	vs.	Boring.
O'Connor	vs.	Higgins et. al.
Storm	vs.	Dodson.
Same	vs.	EcMullen.
Same	vs.	Mansfield.
Exceptions to road in Washington twp. from Bigim Bridge to school house.		

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.
Proth'y Office, Ebensburg, Mar. 19, 1888.

POLITICAL.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

C. A. LANGBEIN.
Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888.

FOR SHERIFF.

John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill borough at the coming Democratic primary election. Your support respectfully solicited.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. D. McClelland, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Sheriff subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR.—

We are authorized to announce the name of John Long, of Ebensburg, as a candidate for Poor Director, subject to the decison of the next Democratic primary election.

PROPOSALS.—

Proposals will be received by Directors of Poor and House of Employment of Cambria county until Tuesday, April 3d, 1888, for building an annex to the Almshouse for an infirmary. Specifications can be seen at the Almshouse.

BY THE DIRECTORS OF POOR.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—

Letters of administration on the estate of William Ryan, deceased, of Lilly borough, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET RYAN,
Lilly, Feb. 17, 1888. Adm'x.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—

Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Mause, deceased, of Croyle township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby giving to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY B. MAUSE,
Croyle Twp., Feb. 17, 1888. Adm'x.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—

Notice is hereby given that John C. Noel and wife have assigned all the estate, both real and personal of the said John C. Noel to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said John C. Noel are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against him will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

JOSEPH MILLER, Assignee.
Wilmore, Pa., Mar. 23, 1888.—6t.

NOTICE.—

Notice is hereby given that I have placed in the possession of my son, Michael Donaho, of Washington township, during my pleasure, the following named items of personal property, viz: One cooking stove and utensils, one bedstead and bedding for two beds, one clock, four tin buckets, eight chairs, one hatchet and one tub, and all persons are cautioned not to interfere or meddle with the same.

MICHAEL DONAHO.
Washington twp., Mar. 23, 1888.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to distribute the fund in the hands of John C. Gates, assignee of Mathias Kessler, as shown by his account, to and among the persons legally entitled to receive the same, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Saturday, March 31st, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested shall attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, March 16, 1888. 3t.

NOTICE.—

To the heirs and legal Representatives of John Rose, deceased:

Take notice that an inquest will be held at the late residence of John Rose, deceased, in the township of Lower Yoder, in the County of Cambria, on Thursday, April 26th, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according law, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Mar. 23, 1888.-6t

NOTICE OF APPEALS.

On the following days for the districts named the Commissioners of Cambria county will sit at their office in Ebensburg, for the purpose of hearing appeals from the assesment of money at interest, hacks stages, etc., used for hire, taxable for State purposes for the year 1888.

On Tuesday, March 22d, for Adams, Allegheny, Barr, Blacklick, Cambria, Carroll, and Chest townships, 1st and 2d wards of Cambria borough, Ashville and Carrolltown boroughs.

On Friday, March 23d, for Clearfield, Conemaugh, Croyle, Dean, East Taylor, West Taylor, Elder and Gallitzin townships, 1st and 2d wards of Conemaugh borough, Chest Springs, Coopersdale and East Conemaugh borough.

On Saturday, March 24th, for East and West wards Ebensburg borough, Franklin, Gallitzin, Grubbtown, Lilly, Loretto, Prospect and Tunnelhill boroughs, Jackson, Munster, Portage and Summerhill townships.

On Tuesday, March 27th, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th wards Johnstown borough, and 1st, and 2d wards Millville borough.

On Wednesday, March 28th for Reade, Richland, Stonycreek, Susquehanna, Washington, White and Upper and Lower Yoder townships, and South Fork, Wilmore and Woodvale boroughs.

JOHN CAMPBELL, }
JOHN KIRBY, } Com.
J. G. LLOYD, }
D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.
Ebensburg, Feb. 29, 1888.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF ROAD DEPARTMENT OF DEAN TOWNSHIP FOR YEAR ENDING MARCH 10, 1888.

FRANK KOPP, SUPERVISOR, DR.

Whole am't of duplicate	$ 135 89
Cash received on duplicate	40 49
Work done by taxables	95 40
Received of County Treasuer.	234 80
Received of Jno. Sheets, ex-Superpisor	60
	$339 80

CONTRA, CR.

Cash on duplicate	$ 40 49
Money paid out for work	55 21
Paid on orders	82 35
Personal services 34½ days @ $1.50	51 75
Trip to Ebensburg	3 00
Bond	25
Two stone hammers	2 00
	$235 05

J. J. RHODY, SUPERVISOR, DR.

To am't of duplicate	$ 258 15
Cash on duplicate	125 62
	$383 77

CONTRA, CR.

By am't work done by taxables	$129 61
Exonerations	2 92
Cash paid for work	75 16
Plow beam	2 00
1 hammer	75
Personal services	84 00
Received of Frank Kopp	25 00
Received of John Storm for taxes	5 00
	$325 14

We, the undersigned auditors of Dean township do hereby certify the above to be a correct statement.

WM. HILDEBRAND, }
JOHN CAWLEY, } Auditors.
JAS. H. BROWN, }
Attest G. W. BROWN, Clerk.
Dean twp, Mar. 19, 1888.

STATEMENT OF AUDITOR'S SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick township for the year ending March 12, 1888.

JOHN BLICKENDERFER, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of road duplicate	$269 50
To am't received from Commissioners	35 00
To balance account	31 66
	$336 16

CONTRA, CR.

By am't of work on roads	$253 49
By exonerations	1 45
By returned taxes	7 99
By orders redeemed and cash paid	23 23
By services as supervisor	50 00
	$336 16

JACOB STYLES, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't of road duplicate	$311 60
To am't received from Commissioners	28 85
To balance account	26 63
	$367 08

CONTRA, CR.

By am't of work on roads	$302 22
By exonerations	3 62
By returned taxes	2 50
By plow and order redeemed	16 00
By services as supervisor	42 74
	$367 08

ASSETS.

Due John Blickenderfer as supervisor	$31 66
Due Jacob Stiles as supervisor	26 63
Outstanding orders issued	13 25
	$71 54

We, the undersigned auditors of Blacklick township, certify that we have examined the accounts of said township and find them as above stated.

T. S. EMPFIELD, }
PETER WAGNER, } Auditors.
G. G. EMPFIELD, }
Attest, G. A. MICHAELS, Clerk.
Blacklick twp., Mar. 16, 1888. 4t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

The undersigned by virtue of orders issued from the Common Pleas Courts of Blair and Cambria counties, will expose to public sale at the Court House in Hollidaysburg on

Wednesday, March 28, '88,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, to wit: The undivided one fourth interest in a certain tract of coal and timber lands situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., warranted in the name of Miflin Hanum, containing two hundred and twenty (220) acres more or less.

☞TERMS: One-half on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year with interest to be secured by mortgage or judgment bond of purchaser.

J. H. SMITH,
Assignee of R. A. IRWIN.
Hollidaysburg, Feb. 29, 1888.

NORMAL SCHOOL.
The 7th Annual Term
—OF—
THE EBENSBURG NORMAL SCHOOL,

Conducted by A. R. Read, A. M., Jno. S. Foley and Cyrus Shepherd will open in Public School Building of Ebensburg, Monday, April 16th, 1888, for a term of eleven weeks.

TUITION.

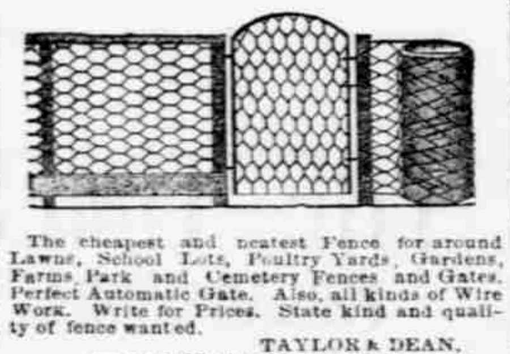
Teachers' course	$7 00
Preparatory or optional course	6 00

A liberal reduction will be made where two or more attend from the same family.

Good boarding and comfortable rooms can be secured for $2 50 per week.

For circulars and information address A. R. Read, or Cyrus Shepherd, Ebensburg, Pa., or Jno. S. Foly, St. Augustine, Pa.

STEEL WIRE FENCE.



The cheapest and neatest Fence for around Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Also, all kinds of Wire Work. Write for Prices. State kind and quality of fence wanted.

TAYLOR & DEAN.
203 & 205 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
March 23, 1888.-6m.

Oils! Oils! Oils!

The Standard Oil Company of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

ILLUMINATING AND LUBRICATING OILS, NAPHTHA AND GASOLINE

That can be made from Petroleum.

If you wish the most uniformly satisfactory oils in the market ask for ours. Trade for Ebensburg and vicinity supplied by

V. S. BARKER & BRO.,
Ebensburg, Pa

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
March 16, 1888.-1y.

THE BEST WAY

To get a First-Class Watch is in our Co-Operative Clubs.

FINE WATCHES AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES

Only $1.00 a Week.

Thousands of the best $38.00 Gold Watch ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.

This is the *Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient,* and *only* co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only *Dust* and *Dampproof Movements* made in the World, and are jeweled throughout with *GENUINE RUBIES.* The *Patent Stem Wind and Set* is the strongest and simplest made. *They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch.* Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.

THE KEY STONE WATCH CLUB Co

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CLUB CO.
926 Chestnut St., P. O. Box 928. Phila. Pa.
We refer to any Commercial Agency. AGENTS WANTED.
Clubs Constantly Forming. Join Now and Save Money.
WE HAVE AGENCIES IN EVERY LARGE CITY. WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

EBENSBURG, PA.

I. P. Thomas & Son's, BONE FERTILIZERS

Contain all the valuable elements of stable manure in a concentrated form. Specially prepared for all crops. They are manufactured for results—permanent results. They cannot be beaten in the field.

OUR WORKS possess every facility. We give them our personal attention. For the same money we guarantee our goods not to be surpassed. Those who use them endorse them. You use them and you will endorse them.

MANUFACTURED BY
I. P. THOMAS & SON,
Philadelphia, Penn'a.
FOR SALE BY
W. J. ANSTEAD, Johnstown; JOSEPH A. NOEL, Ebensburg.
March 31, 2m.

SALESMEN WANTED

To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock

We have steady work for honest, sober, industrious men. Salary and Expenses, or Commission, if Preferred. We grow a full line of fruit and hardy ornamental stock, including the new and rare sorts. Everything strictly first-class. Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. The business is easily and quickly learned. State age. Name this paper. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO., 1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

BE RIGHT TO-DAY, THOUGH WRONG YESTERDAY.

You have been paying other Stores big prices for your Clothing. You've seen Neighbor Wilkin's boys dressed neatly and tastily, in fact better than your own. You have argued with Wilkins that the yearly Savings on his Clothing bill is false Economy. Wilkins has told you again and again that his entire outlay for Clothing for himself and three boys was

$87 FOR THE WHOLE YEAR.

You have figured out the cost of your's to your Better Half at $157 and yet you haven't the moral courage to say "Wilkins, I was wrong yesterday; I'll be right to-day."

Don't Cut Off Your Nose To Spite Your Face,

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The Monkey and the Babay.

Some time ago an English lady who was living at Kingston, Jamaica, took passage on a homeward-bound vessel, taking her two-month-old infant with her.

A large, strong, active monkey which was on board took a violent fancy to the child. The monkey would sit all day long watching the mother as she rocked and fondled her little one, and follow her from place to place. Several times the animal tried unsucfully to get the baby.

One beautiful afternoon a distant sail attracted the attention of all on board, and the captain politely offered his glass to the lady. She placed her baby on the sofa, and had just raised the glass to her eye, when a cry was heard.

Turning quickly, she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm, and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the mainmast.

The captain was at his wit,s end. He feared if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the baby, and escape by leaping from mast to mast.

The child in the meanwhile was heard to cry, but the fear that the monkey was hurting it was dispelled by seeing the animal imitate the motions of the mother, dandling soothing, and endeavoring to hush it to sleep.

After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain finally ordered the men below, and concealed himself on the deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck, it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa, and placed the baby upon it.

The captain restored the frightened infant to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped injury.

Among the Sheep.

The wisdom of providing shelter against cold storms and chilly winds has been made apparent, even in the more southern exposures. The old idea that sheep do not require drink and that their wool will keep them warm without shelter is an exploded one. Extra care during the winter season in way of both feed and shelter pays in the long run, and must be given if best results in wool and mutton are obtained.

Bear in mind the fact that sheep thrive better in dry than in wet seasons, and provide when it is practicable, high, dry locations for winter quarters. Low damp places are bad for all animals, and especially for sheep.

On the subject of feed for sheep, particularly the animals that are to have lambs in the early spring *Rural New Yorker* has given some sound advice, in which occurs the following: Cottonseed is not a desirable food for any breeding animal, for the sufficient reason that its effects encourage abortion. Again, fine foods are not suitable for sheep, which masticate their food most thoroughly. Corn and other carbonaceous foods are also not good for sheep except in small quantities. Sheep are warmly clothed and do not require so much carbonaceous food as other animals do. They are kept for wool and lambs, chiefly, and as the wool contains 16 per cent. of nitrogen and the lambs needs special provision for its flesh and bone, foods rich in nitrogen are required. Hence, clover, as pasture and hay, should be the main feeding for sheep, and bran and oats, with a little corn only, should furnish the grain food.—Three pounds of good clover hay and four ounces of mixed bran, oats and buckwheat would keep a sheep of 100 pounds' weight in good condition, along with as much oat and pea straw as it will eat.

Tobacco for a Balky Horse.

Quite a crowd of boys and men stopped the other day to watch a balky horse.

"Hit him with a club," said one.

"Try moral suasion on him," was the voice of another.

"Whisper oats in his ear and he will go," remarked a third.

The owner belabored the animal with his whip, jerked on the bits, and then tried to coax the refractory beast, but all to no purpose; the beast refused to move.

A quarter of an hour later a little old man, whose face resembled parchment, approached the group, and, addressing the owner of the immovable piece of horse flesh, said:

"Horse balked ?"

"Yes," replied the disconsolate owner.

"Can't make him budge an inch ?"

"Not an inch."

"Tried everything ?"

"Everything I know of."

"Tried tobacco ?"

"No; I never heard that remedy."

The little old man took a plug of the weed from his pocket, cut off a generous piece and offered it to the horse. The animal accepted the weed, and, instantly forgetting his ugliness, walked off without even as much as a suggestion from his owner.

Heathen Idols.

It is said to be a fact that the idols worshiped by the heathen of India and Africa are now all manufactured in England, and that there is a handsome profit in the trade—that the commercial value of brass and iron gods sent out in her Majesty's ships to the heathen lands far exceeds that of the Bibles and tracts and volumes of Watt's hymns sent out in the same cargo. The missionary societies of Great Britain might make a note of this and apply some of their labor at home.—The pious Yankees of Massachsetts are charged with the offense of selling warming pans to the savages of the tropics as the most recent inventions of modern genius in the way of cooking utensils, but they were never accused of manufacturing idols.

Best Grape Wine for Communion.

The superior quality and entire purity of Speer's Port Grap Wine, of New Jersey, and the success that Physicians have had by its use has induced them to write about it and caused hundreds of others to prescribe it in their practice as the best and most reliable wine to be had. It is held in great favor for evening parties, and for communion purposes.

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Heart Pains.
Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.
"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.
"Buchu-Paiba."
Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.
Bed-Bugs, Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.
Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.
"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.
Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.
Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.
"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.
Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."
"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.
"Rough on Catarrh."
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.
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Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."
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"Water Bugs, Roaches."
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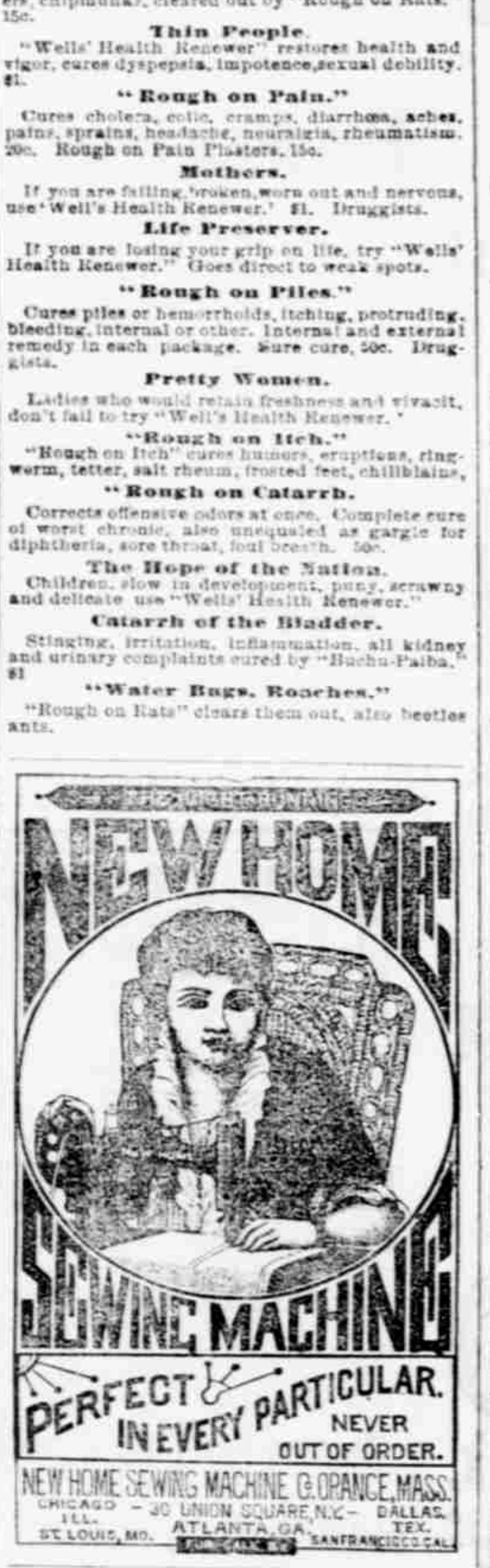
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LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25
Luckett,	9.07	11.20	5.35
Munster,	9.14	11.29	5.42
Noel,	9.19	11.35	5.48
Kaylor,	9.24	11.41	5.53
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.02
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.15

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.00	3.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.09	3.15
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24
Noel,	7.25	10.20	3.30
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.36
Luckett,	7.38	10.32	3.45
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson,	9.10	5.20
Wildwood	9.28	5.33
Dawson,	9.32	5.38
Amsbry,	9.43	5.44
Ashville,	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	5.57
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01
Condron,	10.10	6.05
Dean,	10.16	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.35	6.22
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.25
Flynn City,	10.40	6.34
Coalport,	11.01	6.43
Rosebud,	11.04	6.45
Irvona,	11.10	6.50

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.

	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.30	7.00
Rosebud,	2.36	7.05
Coalport,	2.38	7.07
Flyn City,	2.48	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.25
Shirley,	3.00	7.27
Frugality,	3.05	7.32
Dean,	3.15	7.41
Coudron,	3.20	7.45
Dysart,	3.24	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.35	8.00
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05
Dawson,	3.52	8.14
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17
Cresson,	4.10	8.30

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No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
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Allegheny twp, Oct. 27, 1887. President.

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A thorough preparatory School for Boys. Conducted upon the Military plan. Send for catalogue, terms, etc.
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A Scene in Court.

"Silence! Hats off!" Shouted Beeswax Murphy as His Honor took his seat upon the bench and prepared to ladle out justice.

"John Rags," shouted the baldheaded little judge.

"Here, sir," said the only occupant of the dock.

"Mrs. Goldplate, step to the witness stand.

"Mrs. Goldplate, did this man steal anything from you ?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it ?"

"Oh! Judge, I can't tell you."

But you must tell, madam."

"Must I say it out loud ?"

Certainly. What was it he stole from you ?"

O! Judge, I'd rather die than tell. But, Judge, I'll whisper it to you."

"Madam, you must speak out. I cannot tolerate this trifling."

"But Judge, it isn't fair to make me tell. That woman over there with a red bonnet lives in our street and she'll tell everybody if I tell."

"Judge, can I tell ?" shouted the tramp."

"Silence! both of you! Now madam, you must speak out."

"Won't you put that woman with the red bonnet out first ?"

"No, I cannot do that."

"Well, Judge, he stole my false teeth."

"What ?" gasped the Judge, and then he joined in the laughter that fairly shook the room.

"Uppher or lower set, madam, ?"

"Now Judge, that isn't fair to make me tell that."

"But I say you must tell."

"O! you horrid man! He stole both sets."

"That will do, madam; step down."

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I acknowledge borrowing her false teeth, but I didn't steal them. You, see, Judge, I was hungry and I asked her for something to eat. Judge, you ought to have seen the beefsteak she gave me. At the first bite I broke two teeth, and seeing her teeth laying on the kitchen table I picked them up and tried to chew it with them."

"Now that's a likely story," exclaimed the Judge. "How could you bite the tough beef with her teeth ?"

"Easy enough Judge. They had a bully spring and all I had to do was to hold them in one hand, work them with my fingers and feed the beef to them. Judge I could have chewed railroad iron with those teeth. However, Judge, as she has made such a fuss because I borrowed them I'll give them back. Here they are, Judge."

Cured by a Whaling Trip.

A young fellow who had been coddled into a nuisance by a foolish mother "took a notion" one summer to go off on a whaling trip and work his passage. He was one of the most fastidious members of a select circle of young society men, and nothing had ever been quite good enough for him. His mother wept and remonstrated. She was sure it would kill him, but somewhere in him there was the blood of an old sea captain, and this asserted itself. "Mother." he said, "I shall die if I stay here and run in the old rut. I am sick of my useless life; let me try myself; see if I am not the same flesh and blood as other men, and have not as much nerve and strength as they." His mother had had her fears excited lest he was developing a consumptive tendency, and finally yielded a reluctant assent. She wanted to load him down with delicacies, and defense against wind and water. But the old captain's blood in him was up, and he would none of it. "No, mother" said he, "I am going to rough it, live on hard tack, pork and molasses, just as the rest do, and see if I can stand it. I may get very sick of it and be glad enough to come home and be taken care of, but I'll try it any way."

He did try it—lost his dudyism and cynicism, also his his consumptive tendencies; took on health, breadth, a manful tone and appearance, acquired ed new ideas of life, and, in short, turned out to be a first class sailor, and finally a merchant whose ships sailed the wide sea over.

Married for Whist.

A singular marriage, which can hardly be classed under the head of sentimental, took place in Washington a few weeks ago. The bride is over 70 years of age, and looks even older, while the groom is a man of 40, goodlooking in face and figure, a robust, powerfully built fellow of Russia parentage. This anomalous couple, having returned from their brief honeymoon, are now living quietly at their handsome residence on one of the most ashionable avenues of the city.

The marriage is undisguisedly one of convenience on both sides, since for some time previous to the ceremony the old lady, a widow for some years past, had openly declared her desire to obtain a second matrimonial partner, giving as a reason that she desired to secure a husband with whom she would indulge her fondness for whist playing. Aware of the extent to which her weakness for whist was carried, the old lady offered in consideration for the constant service required—*i. e.*, that every evening should be wholly given up to the game—to settle upon the groom the morning of her marriage the large sum of $100,000. For a time the gilded bait failed to attract. Finally, however, a "Barkis" was found, and true to her promise, the old lady had a legal document executed, by which her prospective husband became possessed of $100,000.

AN artist of Boston gives receptions at which two small white cats are permitted to be present. Each, with a scarlet ribbon, bow and collar, is the object of much attention, and the pair make a lively addition to the company. One of the little cats performs a variety of tricks, and is as sociable as he is bright.

THERE are about 300,000 people engaged in keeping bees in North America, and the honey product is 100,000,000 pounds, valued at $15,000,000.

Amputated His Own Leg.

Surgery being under discussion the doctor recalled one instance that came under his notice while practicing in a little town up the Wisconsin Central line. A woodsman was caught by a falling tree, and one of his legs was pinioned between its heavy trunk and that of a brother monarch. There it was held as if in a vise, just below the knee. The unfortunate man was alone, and too far from the nearest camp to make his voice heard. His axe had been dashed from his hands, and he could not reach it. Night was approaching, and hungry wolves were commencing to howl about him. He recognized that to remain there was to die. The weather was growing bitter cold. and he already felt a warning numbness. He knew that in his condition and situation he could not fight the wolves, and the prospect of becoming a helpless victim of their ravenous attacks nerved him to desperation. Removing his suspenders, and binding them as tightly as possible around the imprisoned leg, he inserted the blade of his jack-knife at the knee, cut away his clothing and flesh. and severed the joint. The operation proved successful, and he raised himself from the deadly trap, leaving the lower limb as a ghastly evidence of cool determination to execute desperate measures as against the grim certainty of dissolution that would attend a lack of effort. He managed to crawl to his axe, with which he cut a sapling and made a rough crutch. With its aid he made his way slowly to camp, nearly four miles distant, frequently lying down in the snow for rest. It was a long and painful journey and he hobbed into camp just as his strength was about to give out. Medical attendance was secured, and the self amputation was given proper attention. The man is still alive, and the detailed statement from his own lips, of what he suffered physically and mentally during his experience in that relentless tree clasp, and of the thoughts that nerved him up to carving his own leg, are of an exceptionally thrilling nature. The morning following the injured woodman's arrival in camp, some of his companions, following his tracks, visited the spot where he met his accident. The wolves had been there, torn the covering from the foot and leg and gnawed away the flesh, leaving a smooth polish on the bones.

Men, Women, and Clothes.

When a man has a new outfit from head to toe he sneaks out in one piece at a time. He will wear a brown vest with gray check trousers and a blue coat rather than to face the public in the whole brown suit at once.

If he has a new hat he'll sneak out to the corner grocery in it before breakfast to order kindling wood or condensed milk four mornings in succession before he'll get up courage to venture down town in it.

When a woman gets a new coat she'll stay at home from church Sunday for a month waiting to get everything to go with it, to make a thundering sensation when she walks up the aisle. She wants even her gloves and boots to swell the triumph by being obviously designed for that especial toilet.

Its success governs her movements: if it is moderate she will walk up Broadway and feel that she has fulfilled her mission. If it is superb she feels that she is disobeying Scripture and hiding her light under a bushel unless she can drive in the park; the last touch is to drive in a victoria; if she can do it all herself or with only the sweet society of her favorite pug, all the better, then you can study every line of her pose and every fold of her draperies to perfection, and her notion is that you could not be better employed.

If in new clothes that are the fulfillment of her fondest dreams, she doesn't feel like that, take my word for it she is no true woman, and I wouldn't trust her to know a baby from a poll parrot. —Modesty, evicently thy name is man!

The Mother's Right to Her Child.

To the question, has the mother any right to the babe whom she has borne of the peril of her own life? the heart of humanity can give but one answer. By a law of human nature, alike natural and irreversible, her claim in this respect is superior to any other, not excepting that of the father. It is from her bosom that the child draws its sustenance, and she is its God-appointed care-taker, at least in its earliest years, and her right cannot be over borne without cruelty amounting to outrage. And yet, strange as it may seem, the law in nearly every State in the Union gives the power of custody of the child, not to the wife and mother, but the husband and father. The mother may be a paragon of moral excellence, and exceptionally well fitted to nurse and train her child, but the father, though a man utterly vile, has legal right to snatch the babe from the mother's arms and dispose of it as he pleases. To the credit of human nature let it be confessed that this right in our day is not often exercised, but it is a reproach to our civilization that such a law should be permitted to stand for a single hour upon any of our statute books.

Why She Left the Choir.

A Jersey girl whose early education had been nipped in the bud by the frost of her father's failure, accepted a position in a country choir, and charmed the congregation with her singing. One Sunday she was absent from her accustomed place after church was dismissed, the pastor approached her, saying:

"We missed your melodious voice this morning. What is the matter ?"

"I've quit warbling in this church ?" she curtly replied.

"Why, what is the trouble ?" anxiously asked the domine.

"I've been insulted by that nasty choir leader. That's what's the matter."

"Insulted. What did he say ?"

"He called me a 'celestial cantatrice.' That's what he did. And I won't stand no such sass from any such lookin' snipe as he is. Good bye."

IT requires a good deal of aptitude to amuse a child.

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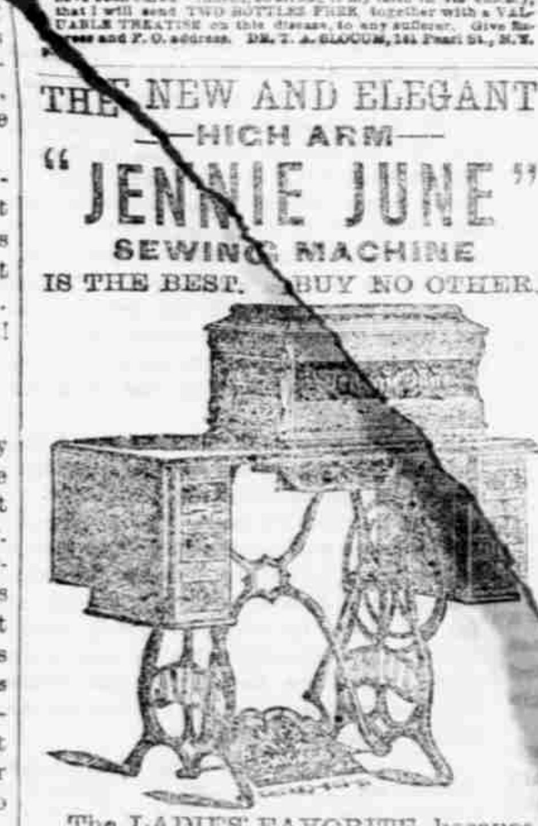

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

There is nothing in the tariff qu tion any way. Look at the ladies' bo nets, how high they are and yet the is very little protection about them.

"A sea green glass vase, nine in high, supposed to be 1,300 years has been found in Bologna." T settles it. We shall eat no more ogna.

A ten year old boy of Marion, has become insane, and physicians that it is solely due to tobacco, he has used since he was 5 years old.

Dr. Talmage has been telling "H Americans Behave in Heaven." A ually the doctor knows nothing it—and if he is not very careful never will.

In Chicago a few nights ago Ada List ran out of the house to note in a street letter-box when a came up suddenly and cut off tresses and escaped.

"Mother," said a little squre urchin about five years old, "why the teacher make me mouths times? I can lick every boy in class but one."

Presidents of railroads get from 000 to $35,000 a year. This, with passes thrown in, enables a really nomical official to survive the hard ters without great discomfort.

A citizen of Plymouth, Ind., fired shots at a supposed burglar, and his wife called out: "See here, if you don't stop shooting at me have the house full of neighbors."

"Of what do our daughters most in need?" asks a contemporary. Some of 'em need a spanking anything else that we know of, for goodness sake don't say we told so."

"Are you as fond of me as you of your first husband ?" "Yes, and if you were to die, John, I just as fond of my third. I'm woman to care for anything but lo

In Ithaca, New York, the large the town compelled a bill poster cover with blank paper a number immoral posters which he had ously placed on the bulletin boards the town.

A citizen of Tottenham, P. Q., a young man of the place a puppy Magistrate decided that he had to the extent of $2. We presume is the amount of the dog tax in Ca

A generous man—Ben Evolence.

A "tight" man—Al Cohol.

A sporting man—Bill I. Ards.

A many sided man—Hen Decagon

A dudish man—Jack A. Napes

A savage man—Tom A. Hawk.

Anxious passenger (just as gate been shut)—"Can't I get aboard Brakeman—"Naw!" Passenger wife is dying at home!" Brake —"Yer didn't hev no business an' get married."

Some one has suggested that the plus money in the Treasury ought scattered among the banks. The plan would be to reduce the taxes not take the money out of the of the people.

Gail Hamilton rather vividly scribes how Honolulu women walk in the rain. Her escort usually her umbrella, her dress and her while she wears simply a shawl hat trimmed with red and white

One of our exchanges has been to figure out Mr. Blaine's for We have studied the figures and do not think his fortune his misfortune. We think Mr. B takes the same view of the subj

A fellow at one of the outlying offices writes that he "don't want paper any longer." While as a thing we are disposed to be accom dating, we do not feel like mak any longer than it is at present he so wished it.

A woman of Leslie, Mich., disco that her house was on fire. W wasting any time in screaming she phoned to her husband at his store, climbed a ladder to the roof, chopp hole through it, and put out the fire before help came.

The outcry against the fashion tall hats worn by the fairer portion creation at the theatre has now tak n up by some of the Paris Although successfully carried in and Vienna, it is an open question as to the result in Paris.

One of those velvety-cheeked mers requested the waitress of a P easant hotel to bring him a these conundrums with the The puzzled young lady, after questioning, learned that wanted a whack at the mince pie.

Jacob Huntsbarger, who Middletown, Ohio, a few days born in Pennsylvania in 17 and consequently 102 years old. eighty years he voted the ticket, and when he was 100 he joined the church of the Brethren.

Take Care, Girls.

There are some things a well young lady never does:

She never accepts a valuable pres from a gentleman acquaintance engaged to him.

She never turns around to look anyone when walking on the street.

She does not permit gentlemen to her on the street unless they are intimate acquaintances.

She never accepts a seat from tleman in a street car without than him.

She never forgets her ball engagements or refuses to dance gentleman and immediately dances another.

She never takes more than a glass of wine at a dinner or ment.

She never snubs other young even if they happen to be less or well favored than herself.

She never laughs or talks loud public places.

She never wears clothing or strking as to attract attention in public.

She never speaks slightingly mother and says she whether her behavior ternal approbation or not.

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